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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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SEPTEMBER, 1826.  
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THE WIFE.\*

MY intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart. At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's

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\* The Publishers of the Ladies' Monthly Museum, grateful for the increasing patronage of the public, and anxious to deserve its continuance and its yet further increase, have determined on a wider range of subjects for its embellishments. They will not, in future, confine themselves to Portraits. Engravings illustrative of modern literature, or descriptive of beautiful scenery, and curious objects of nature and art, will find occasional admittance; by this change the publishers hope to gratify the lovers of the Fine Arts with engravings of interesting subjects by masters of eminence, and to exclude names of but little note from their pages. In the present number they offer a specimen of the proposed change in an engraving by Heath, peculiarly appropriate to a work designed for the instruction and amusement of British Females. The tale which it is intended to illustrate, and of which we here offer an outline to our readers, is taken from Irving's Sketch Book.

sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thoughts of her that drives me almost to madness."

"And why not?" said I, "she must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. Nor is it possible you can keep it from her. It is, moreover, necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show,—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary."

"I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively, "in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust! I could—I could—God bless her! God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies, and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove to you that she loves you for yourself."

The next morning I met Leslie; but not without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! it seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But, poor girl," added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo; she has no idea of poverty, but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels, as yet, no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegancies. When we come practically to experience its

sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial.”

Some days after, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind.

He was now going to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had been strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and as we walked out, fell into a gloomy musing.

“Poor Mary!” at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

“And what of her?” asked I: “has any thing happened to her?”

“What!” said he, darting an impatient glance, “is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation.”

“Has she then repined at the change?”

“Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humour. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort.”

“Admirable girl!” exclaimed I. “You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman.”

“Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into a humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has also, for the first time, looked round her on a home destitute of every thing elegant—almost of every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty.”

There was a degree of probability in this picture I could not gainsay; so we walked on in silence.



After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had over-run one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I saw several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plot in front. A small wicket-gate opened upon a foot-way that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel-walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished—a *light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping forth to meet us*: She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching, and watching for you, and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream, and every thing is so sweet and still here.—Oh!" she said, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "Oh, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome—he caught her to his bosom—he folded his arm round her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life, has, indeed, been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

D. D.



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THE BARONET.

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*(Concluded from page 84.)*

HE had been astonished at the noise which he heard at the conclusion of the race; on the grand stand he expected every thing to have been conducted in the most orderly manner; but so far from that, no sooner had the horses past the winning-post, than all was riot and confusion; the variety of tongues made it quite a bedlam; the stamping above, the running to and fro, the rush from the betting side, the noisy joy of the winners, and the vehement exclamations of many, who, in a few minutes, had been deprived of the greatest part of their fortunes, rendered the scene perfectly extraordinary to one who had never before witnessed any thing of the kind. One young man, in particular, he observed, striking his hand upon his forehead, one moment running hastily across the stand, and then returning with bitter oaths and distorted countenance; and, as if unconscious what he was doing, he rushed down the stairs. Upon enquiry, he was told that, but a few weeks since, this youth had come into possession of a large property, all of which he had staked; and that now it was completely gambled away; so that he who, but a few days since, had been flattered and caressed as the possessor of a large property, was now completely beggared.

Sir Samuel walked up and down; he first stood near one party, then another, the gay fashionables, the country squires, and the unpretending ones of neither rank nor fortune, until at length he found himself in the midst of a very gay party, having insinuated his way into it, attracted by the soft beaming lustre of a pair of jet black eyes. The lady who had so forcibly arrested his attention, was of the middle height; her features were perfectly classical, but her complexion was pale as the purest alabaster; her dark hair was braided across her ivory forehead; and though, in that scene of gaiety, her countenance was uniformly melancholy, and perhaps more expressively so than any one's present, yet the sombre hue was beautifully corrected by a smile of the most genuine sweetness: simple and chastely elegant was her dress, and Sir Samuel, as he stood by her side gazing at her, thought he never in his life had beheld any one so interesting and lovely.—All round her were gaily busied in betting, or in conversation; but she stood like a

beautiful statue, silent, as if insensible to every object in that brilliant assemblage; and her melancholy appeared perfectly natural, for her friends, as if accustomed to perceive it, neither noticed it as unusual nor bestowed any attention upon her. A gentleman was introduced to her; she coldly raised her eyes, and again they were concealed by their long dark lashes.—“I have been betting,” he said, “with your fair cousin; may I be allowed to commence my friendship with Lady Caroline in a similar manner?”—“I never bet,” was the concise answer.—“Surely you will recant these words, and allow me, at least, to propose a pair of gloves, merely as an exchange of friendship.”—“You will excuse me,” she modestly replied, “I take no interest in any thing of this kind.” As Lady Caroline turned away her head, Sir Samuel saw a tear glittering in her dark languishing eyes, and, quick as thought, he handed her his gold snuff-box. She started, and a transient shade of carmine, scarcely indeed perceptible, softly flitted across her fair cheeks; but she did not look haughtily at him; she appeared, indeed, almost grateful for the kind attention, as she declined it in a polite and courteous manner. Sir Samuel was in extacies, and during the rest of the day he remained by her side, endeavouring, although ineffectually, to interest her in the races; but Lady Caroline, notwithstanding his marked attentions, his tone of flattery, and undisguised admiration, still stood unmoved, neither elated by his attentions, angry at his assurance in addressing her without an introduction, nor evincing even the slightest symptom of contempt or satire. She spoke but seldom, and then, so mildly, that Sir Samuel was completely entranced; he endeavoured to make himself as amusing as possible, but she stood perfectly indifferent, and at times appeared unconscious that any one was addressing her; yet now and then, by the oddity of his expressions, he extracted a faint smile.

A very handsome carriage waited below, and the Earl of Morton's name was repeated by a gentleman near, when the party rose to depart, and Lady Caroline followed; but before she left her place, she turned, and graciously bowed to her attentive companion. He saw her leave the course; and, unconsciously sighing, walked up and down the stand, till the voice of Lady Susan attracted his attention; she was seated with her back to him, and just addressing a gentleman.—“Oh! you truant!” she exclaimed in a high voice, “this is the first time

I have seen you to-day: I suppose you do not care what becomes of me? I assure you, I have been in imminent danger, and if it had not been for our friend Dudley, I believe I should have been run away with. A rude, unmannerly, Irish —, what shall I call him? not a gentleman, but a self-styled baronet, sought my acquaintance, *sans ceremonie*; and might, for aught I know, have taken me off, if Dudley had not challenged the insulting wretch, and sent him away in grand style." "The uncivilized being!" was repeated by her companion, and Sir Samuel undaunted stood before them.

"Lady Susan!" he exclaimed, in a stentorian voice, "take heed how you accuse those of want of courage who have hot Irish blood flowing in their veins, as myself have: by St. Patrick, and if you say again, I am only a self-styled baronet, I will make you prove your words most dearly, for was not I, by the whole court, and judge and jury, and all, called the real Sir Samuel, and Sir Charles only the mock one? A self-styled baronet indeed!—But let me tell you this, Lady Susan, that it is not effrontery that becomes you; and you would do well to take a lesson of one I have but just left, of, it may be, higher rank than yours; one as sweet and modest as she is pretty and elegant." And Sir Samuel drawing up his gigantic figure to its full height, and thrusting his hand into his pockets, strutted away, elated with his own consequence, and not a whit abashed by the cutting sarcasm of the volatile Lady Susan.

In the evening he attended the concert, and urged his way amongst the company till he caught sight of Lady Caroline; greeting her as an old friend, he contrived to secure for himself a seat by her side; nor could the harmony of the musicians, who were of the first and most unrivalled excellence, withdraw his attention, or fixed look from that face which, even in its pallid loveliness, he thought a thousand times more beautiful than all the painted belles around him. But Lady Caroline was attentive to the music, and very rarely it was that even a syllable escaped her lips; for although nought of the sweetness of her manners had vanished, yet she certainly appeared wearied by the indefatigable attentions of her companion, and glad when her share in the amusement of the evening was over, and her carriage announced.

So anxious was Sir Samuel for the next day's amusement, that he thought the appointed hour would never arrive; but



at last it came, and Martin, as he drove his master, unceremoniously intimated that this was his last day on the stand. "You rascal!" he vociferated, "is there not Thursday? and will I miss one day of good racing? No, not on any account will I."—"Ha, but," said the sly valet, "very few people of fashion go to-morrow: they let their servants benefit by their tickets for the stand, and if they go on the course at all, it is just before they set off, merely to look on for a short time."

"You cunning rogue," muttered Sir Samuel as he alighted from his curricule; and, with a great deal of mysterious importance, whispering in Martin's ear something about a fair lady, and hurried on. The Earl of Morton's carriage not having yet arrived, he joined the betting party merely as a looker-on. He heard numbers coolly staking hundreds and thousands; and one young man, of a gentlemanly appearance, was keenly betting a large sum upon the great contest for the gold cup. He was tall and thin, and his dark eye-brows overshadowed his dark piercing eyes, as if they had been lowered by sorrow or a repining temper, whilst the whole cast of his countenance was mournful and heavy. Sir Samuel was still regarding him with attention, when another party entered: on turning round he caught sight of Lady Caroline, and flew towards her; she did not appear, in any degree, pleased at his attention, although she nevertheless shewed no symptoms of impatience or dislike, as she had sufficient penetration to perceive that he was a very good-natured, well-meaning man; and therefore, not thinking it of any consequence that he should haunt her presence, she did not repulse his attentions as she would have done had he been gay and forward.

The stand was unusually full, and Lady Caroline was vexed at perceiving that she was separated from her party, and Sir Samuel still by her side. "That is the Earl of Morton," said a gentleman who stood at a little distance behind. "He has not his family with him; the Earl of Morton's daughter is not there," another exclaimed. Sir Samuel turned round, and recognized in the last speaker the gentleman who had betted so largely upon the ensuing race. Lady Caroline, at the same moment, turned round, and as she looked at him she was deadly pale; her eyes closed, and she leant upon Sir Samuel for support.—The gentleman rushed forward, and taking her hand, "Caroline, my dearest Caroline!" he exclaimed: she looked at him

with the greatest sweetness, and then eagerly glancing round, she said—"I have thought long of this hour; you have been very cruel; indeed you have caused me much misery."—"It was then most unwillingly, my dear Caroline, for I have thought of you constantly; and, in my wretched wanderings, I have been most miserable lest I should forfeit your love and esteem; and now, now, without any right to claim either, I have come to see and to bid you adieu, for ever,—I fear I must say for ever."

"Not for ever," she gently repeated; "you know my heart; you know it is above the meanness of ambition," and in that tone of love, every hope Sir Samuel Kenedy had unconsciously cherished was for ever annihilated. Disappointed and mortified, he drew back. Lady Caroline looked for him, and perceiving his absence, continued,—“My friends teaze me, continually; they talk of my altered looks, and they make me more dejected; like a mere piece of machinery, I follow them in their gaiety against my own inclination, and that I may avoid their remonstrances; but I shun attention, and now very seldom receive any even my from dearest friends, so that I am almost grateful for the kindness of an Irish gentleman these last few days, who has been so kindly attentive to me, that I quite pardoned his national singularity in claiming my acquaintance without the ceremony of an introduction.”

"Hush, dear Caroline," said the gentleman; "remember, it is of my native country you speak; therefore be merciful, for still I love it, though unkind to me; and this I can say, that with all its imperfections, there is no land can boast of warmer hearts."

"And you are right, by my soul and you are," said Sir Samuel, stretching forth his hand, and heartily shaking the gentleman's, whilst a look of honest pride beamed in his countenance; gratified no doubt by the very different manner in which he heard himself mentioned to that on the day previous, when spoken of by Lady Susan.—“I love the man who loves his country,” he continued; “and, by St. Patrick, when it is our own pretty Ireland, I love him all the more.”

Whilst they were conversing, the bell rung, the gold cup was placed in front of the stand, and the horses brought forward. Sir Samuel remembered the betting scene, and looking at the gentleman, perceived that a hectic flush had suffused his cheeks;

and that with breathless impatience he watched the races. At one moment, and he was all animation; the horse upon which he had fixed was foremost; but in a moment after, the hopes he had indulged were for ever disappointed. The horses reach the winning-post, when, scarcely an inch behind, the one he had ventured to back, has still lost—has ruined him. He stared wildly at the horses whilst the name of the winner was vociferated by a thousand voices, and then he gazed upon Lady Caroline, with a look of the deepest agony, and in a broken voice he exclaimed.—“I love you not the less, Caroline; but I am wretched, miserable, and undone;—I am ruined! and now, *now*, we must for ever part.” He rushed from her in the deepest despair. “Charles, dear Charles,” she exclaimed, but he heard her not, and she was supported by Sir Samuel Kenedy. “He had been betting,” she continued in a tone of stifled agony, “surely distress will not make him desperate! Oh! sir, tell him, tell him to remember that I live but in his integrity, and that there is a God.”—“Aye, my sweet honey, and will I not do any thing for you?” said Sir Samuel, as he hastened to obey her instructions.

He found the wretched gambler, with hurried hand, signing a paper,—“There, there,” he muttered to himself, “my whole property is gone.”—“We are countrymen, friend,” said Sir Samuel, taking him by the arm, and seeing that, it is but right we be neighbourly; so you must not refuse to let me give you a helping hand out of this queer-fashioned piece of distress; and, though you did very wrong to bet and gamble, and it is what I never will do, although I had myself an awkward affair last Monday; yet I tell you what, my honey, I will do anything for you, because you love our own dear Ireland, and more than all because you love that sweet, elegant Lady Caroline. Thank God! I have fine estates and a large property, and for her sake you are welcome to a share, as though you were my own brother.”

“Sir,” exclaimed the gentleman, deeply affected, “it is impossible I should accept of this generosity: we are strangers.” “Och! on my life then, and we will be so no longer; I told you I had a large property, fine estates, and all that; and as for my name, it is Sir Samuel Kenedy.”—“By Heaven, and it is!” said the gentleman relinquishing his arm; “you, then, are the man to whom I owe all my troubles, from whom I date



every stroke of misery; yes! had it not been for you, I had been now blest with wealth, happiness, and Caroline; for I am Charles Kenedy, the miserable, wretched Charles Kenedy."

Sir Samuel stared at him for a few minutes with the most stupid astonishment, and said, "What! are you the man that was Sir Charles Kenedy before me?" and then with a look of the greatest kindness and compassion he again took his arm, good-temperedly saying—"Well then, we are cousins; so much the better; and so much the more cause have we to act kindly to one another; and I swear to you, that though it be a big cause of no small grief to me, yet you shall marry that sweet Lady Caroline; for though it be a bit of a secret, which I did not think of telling to any one at all, yet I did love that pretty elegant creature myself, and did think of making her Lady Samuel Kenedy; but somehow or other you popped in, and I found had won the lady before me; which I thought would have quite broken my heart almost; but, however, it is all in the family, you know, and so that is a comfort; and I wish with all my heart that you may be so happy together, as happy as can be."

"I thank you for your good wishes," Charles Kenedy replied, "and, the more so, because I believe, from what I have perceived in this short acquaintance of your character, that they spring from your heart; I am, however, destined for no happy lot; I am ruined, a very pauper: and shall such an impoverished being dare to insult the Earl of Morton by addressing his daughter?—Sir Samuel Kenedy—my blood burns when I address you by that title, but know that, beggar as I am, I am yet too proud to receive a favour from the hands of the man who has so deeply injured me." And Charles Kenedy was hurrying away when Sir Samuel again arrested his steps, saying—

"Tut, man, never away in such a bustle, I tell you, and I am your best friend; so never let a silly notion of pride step between poverty and wealth, my good fellow. I am, after all, I find, but an ill-fashioned fellow for a baronet; and I get quizzed and laughed at, and have more mortifications than enjoyments; so you may take your title again, and half the property; and I will be Sam Kenedy, for it suits me better." Charles Kenedy, unable to speak, grasped his hand, and Lady Caroline was soon introduced to her old friend at the race-course

as his intended cousin; and, above the narrow-minded prejudices of being governed by appearances, Lady Caroline valued his friendship, and estimated his character as it deserved.

Samuel Kenedy was as good as his word; he insisted upon surrendering to his cousin half his estates, for he was, as he repeatedly affirmed, quite wearied by the dignity which accorded so ill with his education. He portioned his sisters off happily; and gave to each of his brothers a little fortune; and in dispensing good to his own family circle, in relieving the distresses of the poor, and feeling secure of the respect of those who had before treated him with contempt, Samuel Kenedy was happier in mediocrity than when filling a more elevated situation in life. With genuine delight he witnessed the union of his relative with the mild and unassuming Lady Caroline, and the felicity which they enjoyed was his highest reward, in the consciousness of having been the author of it. Samuel Kenedy lived a bachelor, and John dying without issue, the baronetcy devolved, in right of succession, to Charles Kenedy and his heirs. Mr. Boyle, in process of time, was acknowledged to be the most eminent attorney in Limerick, and often would he thank Samuel Kenedy for the fortune, which he, by bringing him forward to the public notice, had been the means of his accumulating.

H.

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TO ELIZA.

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DRIED be that tear, my gentlest love,  
Be hush'd that struggling sigh;  
Not seasons, day, nor fate, shall prove  
More fix'd, more true than I.  
Dost ask how long my vows shall stay  
When all that's new is past?  
How long? Eliza, can I say  
How long my life will last?  
Dried be that tear, be hushed that sigh,  
At least I'll love thee till I die.

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**THE TABLE D'HOTE.**

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TEN hours rattling in the mail conveys the traveller from London to Dover; offering no other change to his notice, than the ordinary and inevitable inferiority of a provincial town to the metropolis. He there embarks in a steam-packet, and one quarter of the time requisite to bring him to the sea-port of his own country, transports him to Calais. Much as the home-bred youth may have thought of going abroad, he does not easily conceive that so very short a period of time can produce any material alteration of scene. He rather expects, probably, to find Calais a good deal like Dover, and to behold novelties and wonders rising up before him as he journeys further.

If such be the young traveller's ideas, they will be, in some measure, dispersed as he rapidly paddles up the harbour in a bleak March or December day, and sees the long pier and the quays promenaded by females, young and old, well and ill dressed, carefully wrapt from the cold in wadded cloaks, and holding their handkerchiefs to their mouths, but without other covering upon their heads than thin muslin or lace caps. But ere he has well had time to gaze at this unwonted spectacle, he reaches the landing place, where he is instantly surrounded by the *commissionnaires* of the different hotels, who, shouting in his ears, *Dessin's*, the *Bourbon*, the *Royal*, the *Brussels*, *Quilliac's*, *Meurice's*, the *Flying-horse*, with others too numerous to be remembered, contend for his possession like harpies for their prey, and bewilder his senses beyond the power of noting even whether the natives wear their heads *upon* their shoulders or *under* them. When he has, by naming the hotel to which he has been recommended, surrendered himself to one of his tormentors, he is hurried off in triumph by the successful *commissionnaire* *Donanier* to *la petite Donaaie*, where his passport is seized, his pockets are turned inside out, and his whole person searched. It is not till he is safely deposited in a chamber of the hotel he has chosen, that he can to begin to collect his thoughts, and look about him for matter worthy of a traveller's observation.

By this time he is told that the *Table d'Hôte* is served, and asked whether he will dine there or in his own room. The veriest novice does not visit foreign parts in search of solitude,—



at least those who do so are to be pitied,—and the traveller accepts the former part of the alternative. He is accordingly ushered into the *salon publique*, and a seat is allotted to him.

Calais is too full of English, as well resident as travellers, to afford a *Table d'Hôte* purely French. All are frequented by such of our own countrymen as are neither established house-keepers, nor too proud or too ignorant to distinguish a *Table d'Hôte* from a London ordinary, as well as by native inhabitants. Here, likewise, are to be found travellers of every description; philosophical, military, and mercantile English; and the two last classes of all nations; many full fraught with information and interest from every part of Europe. Here meet the literally, not metaphorically, straight-laced Russian officer, who bled in resisting the fearful invasion of his country; the intelligent and animated Pole, who alone, of all the multifarious nations, constituting the invading army, justifiably and honourably followed the standard of its mighty leader; the wary German diplomatist and trader; the Spaniard, hastening to join the ranks of his struggling compatriots, illustrating the old saying, that, "The furthest way about is the shortest way home," by taking his journey *via* the free shores of England; and French warriors, merchants, and manufacturers, fearful of uttering an opinion on politics, yet unable to resist an opportunity of a sly wipe at the Bourbons and the priesthood. All this is seasoned with a plentiful sprinkling of British tailors and milliners, visiting Paris in search of the Fashions; of those itinerant *employés* of manufacturers, vulgarly ycleped bagmen, seeking extension of custom, or endeavouring to convey executed orders to their destination, with a noble contempt of the anti-philosophical restrictions imposed upon inter-national commerce by custom-house regulation; and of London shopkeepers, of all sorts and sizes, from the dandy apprentice who sports his Sunday Bucephalus in the park, amidst the nobles of the land, to the snug cit, whose ambition never soared beyond a box at Islington or Hackney, 'till now, urged by his hopeful offspring to complete their education by a trip to the Continent; an indulgence cheaply and easily enjoyed by means of the Lord Melville steam-boat, which receives the adventurous voyager at Tower-wharf upon Saturday morning, and re-deposits him there upon Monday evening, after having actually spent Sunday in France!

Of such a heterogeneous society it is, of course, a mere toss-up what component parts may chance to present themselves upon the day of a stranger's introduction; and still more so between what individuals it may be the waiter's pleasure to turn him down a chair. Yet upon these circumstances depend the pleasure or misery of his situation. He may, as destiny in the shape of a *garçon de table* decrees, find himself associated with persons from whose conversation he will derive equal delight and instruction; or, he may be annoyed, on the one side, with accurate details of the care and skill with which his neighbour had concealed in his trunk sundry razors, scissors, and such-like unjustly prohibited articles, as well as of the cunning and cruelty with which the barbarous *Donaniers* had detected and robbed him of his property; and upon the other, with questions respecting *fricandeaux*, *volerents*, and other such unknown prodigious viands, with remarks upon the singular sourness of *vin de Sauterne*, or perhaps with the happy discovery that *vin de Champagne* is French for gooseberry wine.

But it will not probably be in the first few minutes that the traveller can bestow his chief notice upon his company. The dinner will attract his primary attention. Yet even as he casts an enquiring eye round the table, to see what he is to eat, he cannot but be struck by one strange phenomenon—the appearance of several bottles seemingly provided with wings wherewith to fly away, to the disappointment of all thirsty and expectant visitors. Upon looking more narrowly he will perceive that these wings form part of a linen super-structure, variously and whimsically disposed, and will perhaps conjecture that he beholds some ingenious Gallic device for cooling wine. But in another instant he will discover that these bottles appertain to the various French *habitués* of the *table d'hôte*, who making a bottle of *vin ordinaire* last them many days, are expected to make their napkin last as long, and who, consequently, adopt this method of marking their respective properties, each man having a several tye or knot; leaving the bottle nearly enveloped in the ends of the napkin, to the wings variously arranged, or the twist of surperlative ability in which the ends are as skilfully and completely concealed as in the Gordian knot.

In the centre of one side of the table sits *mon hôte* himself,

whose rotundity of person, and rubicundity of complexion, usually bear incontrovertible testimony to the excellence of his *chef de cuisine*, and of his wines. This important personage first reveals himself to the stranger by his assiduity in distributing the soup and other dishes. For although *mon hôte* gets his dinner along with his guests, he dispatches that momentous affair with sufficient celerity, to prevent its interfering with his officiating as principal gentleman carver to the table.

The soup duly helped, eaten, and removed, *mon hôte's* next operation will alarm the novice for the prospect of a decent dinner. But be not disconcerted, courteous stranger—not even the most delicate Englishwoman need apprehend real cause for disgust in the mode of helping;—of other causes for that disagreeable sensation it may be as well to say nothing—although displacing his own plate, *mon hôte* takes the whole dish of *bouilli* before him in its stead, he will neither monopolize it, nor begin by eating his own meal off of it. He proceeds to cut, or perhaps more correctly, to tear it into a number of separate portions, which, first carefully freeing them from fat, he heaps upon a plate and sends round. He then takes a lump of it himself, which he devours whilst the *bouilli* is removed; and a dish of fish, or of something else, as chance or the *chef de cuisine* pleases, is placed before him; and he is again ready to administer to the wants of his guests by the time they are ready to put his services in requisition.

Thus proceeds the dinner in due course, provided *toute fois* the order of nature be not casually interrupted by the irregularly impatient appetite of some *bête Anglaise*, incapable of appreciating the propriety of allotting to *bouilli*, and, sometimes, to different *entremets* the precedence of fish. Meanwhile the traveller whose opinion of the superior elegance of his hotel, first excited by his white napkin and silver fork, will have been confirmed and heightened by the appearance of various dishes, such as in England he has only seen at first-rate tables, will, as he begins to observe the actions of his fellow-guests, be somewhat startled to see them, as many at least as are *au fait* to a *table d'hôte*, carefully cleaning their knives and forks upon pieces of bread, which they afterwards swallow. He will probably conclude that some low-born, and lower bred, people have obtruded themselves upon a company unsuited to



them. In this opinion, however, he will be staggered by remarking that the persons whose conduct in that respect had offended him, are, by no means, the vulgarest of the mixed assemblage; and his perceptions will be quickly farther sharpened and his surprise increased by discovering that, with every clean plate he receives back the same knife and fork, slightly wiped, or, perhaps, should there be other ignoramuses like himself present, a knife and fork previously used by some one of them. If he has the good fortune to be seated next to an experienced traveller, he may now learn, by inquiry,—if not, a few more misadventures of the same kind may be requisite ere he fully acquires the knowledge—that one knife and fork are reckoned abundantly sufficient for one individual, at one meal; the means of preventing the collision of incompatible flavours in applying this single supply of eating implements to the multifarious dishes that constitute a French dinner, being left entirely to the ingenuity of the ——— really it is difficult to decide whether actor or patient be the proper term to employ upon such an occasion. Clean knives and forks are, in fact, exclusively reserved for carving, an evil not lessened in English estimation by the total absence of salt and pepper-spoons, to both which articles—the pepper being placed upon the table in salt cellars—every one helps himself with the point of his own knife. In palliation of such indecorum, it should, however, be stated, that not only never does a Frenchman by any chance bring his knife into contact with his mouth, he seldom even touches his plate with it after he has begun to eat what is upon it: as he first cuts his meat, then lays aside his knife, and achieves all that remains to be done with his fork, occasionally aided by a bit of bread, a custom we have ourselves adopted with respect to fish, though even there we betray our English inferiority in point of dexterity.

By this time the *entremets* will have been disposed of, and the appearance of the *roti*, should it prove either *un gigot* or *une volaille*, will certainly, despite the salutary effects of previous experience, renew the stranger's former apprehensions with regard to the *bouilli*. *Mon hôte* will again transplant the dish, (if it contains a *gigot*,) into the natural situation of his own plate, and, with an air of determined appropriation, far surpassing all that has gone before, clutching the bone with

its most needful paper decoration in his left hand, will treat it as he did the *bouilli*. The carving of *une volaille* is, if possible, yet more alarming, although the performance, when closely watched, appears to be one that requires both skill and practice. Suffering the dish to retain its accustomed place, *mon hôte* will insinuate one leg of the *poulet* between the fingers of the same left hand, much after the manner in which Dragonetti takes, in those of his right, the bow with which he awakes the hidden soul of harmony, slumbering before unsuspected in the ponderous body of the double bass. He will thus lift the bird into his own clean plate, and brandishing the knife in his right will, not dissect, but, divide it into as many pieces as may accommodate the guests present, restoring each piece as it is severed to the original dish, which is subsequently sent round the table. All this will be effected without any pollution of the viand itself—the damage to the operator's own fingers concerns none but himself.

Dinner being now finished, its place is supplied by the dessert, when a fresh surprise awaits the novice in the form of cheese, which presents itself associated with fruit, cakes, and sweetmeats; and remains, offending the noses of those who do not eat it, as long as they choose to continue at table. Fortunately, however, the duration of this period is left to every one's own discretion. The French military quickly retire, as such among that body as no longer emulate the sobriety once held to be characteristic of the nation, find in the *gouttes d'eau de vie* obtained at the *café* a source of intoxication better suited to their finances. Their example is soon followed by all who are engaged in the pursuit of pleasure, information, or their route to Paris. Whilst such few English—very few indeed, let us hope—who visit France purely to drink *chambertin* and *chateau margeaux* cheap, draw, in a snug knot, round one end of the social board, and—for the honour of the country, although such persons can be but of her meaner children—let us drop the curtain over their proceedings, and quit the *table d'hôte* with those who hurry to the theatre, the *salle de billard*, &c. &c. But perhaps here, likewise, it may be best to drop the curtain for ever.

M. M.

## FASHION, OR NO FASHION.

(Concluded from page 19.)

JULIA whispered with great kindness, to the enthusiastic novel-reader, "Dear Ellen, get ready for church;" but Ellen did not attend; and, in consequence, she at length set out in such dishabille, that Coversham felt really ashamed for her; and yet she had hindered the whole party so long, as to make most of them ashamed of themselves.

Similar conduct produced similar effects continually. Ellen was *reading*, when she should have been dressing; *writing*, when she ought to have been eating; *thinking*, when she had better have been working; and, of course, there was a derangement given to all the regular routine of a well-ordered family of the most unpleasant character. She was good-tempered, but yet selfish; for she seemed to have no idea of controlling her bad habits: on the contrary, conceiving her own pursuits to be superior to those of her friends, she thought most contemptuously of them, at the very time they were suffering from her abstraction, negligence, or forgetfulness. She was very pleasant in conversation, evidently of good intentions, and, generally speaking, of good principles; but with all her reading, she knew very little of those great points which best merited her care; she was not read in that book which teaches not only the great, but the minor, duties of life, and is, more especially to woman, a guide and guardian, called for in the progress of every day.

Such was the opinion of Coversham at the end of three days' acquaintance; during which time he had been employed, constantly, in making observations on the three visitants. Though Ellen had been much more with him than the sisters, the eldest of whom had been as busy in preparing for the expected ball, as if her whole hopes of happiness depended upon it, notwithstanding she had, every evening, been dressed with so much elegance and fashion, that he knew not how she could excel herself on this anxiously-expected occasion. Julia was always as neat, and almost as stylish in her appearance; but there was something so unpretending in all she said and did, that it extended to one's perception of her person; and, although no person could disapprove of what she said, or what she wore, yet in the presence of her eldest sister, the acknowledged



beauty and fashionist, and that of her literary cousin, she was always a secondary person, and was evidently content to be so, pretty and clean as she was.

On the morning of the important day, it so happened that the principal milliner of the little town received some new things, which, in the eyes of Maria, so eclipsed her present preparations as entirely to change her intentions. On returning from a clandestine visit made to the "dear things," she broke hastily into the breakfast-parlour, too much agitated to regard any other subject but the all-engrossing one, and eagerly desired her sister to lend her ten guineas immediately.

Julia's colour overspread her cheek as she answered, "Indeed, my dear Maria, I cannot, for I have not more than three sovereigns in my possession."

"Three sovereigns! how extravagant you are," said Maria, hastily; "I am sure you brought a purse-full from home—but I suppose you intend to cut a very great dash to night, as sly as you are, never seeming to bring in any thing or talk about any thing: perhaps you have been yourself to Mrs. Mode's, and bought the very things I want?"

"I got the very little I required on Monday, and have not been since—I had every thing ready, and would not throw myself in the way of temptation."

"Then how could you possibly throw away your money, and be unable to lend me the trifle I want?"

"I did not *throw it away*, sister; but it is true, I cannot lend you, at this time, the money you desire."

"Then you mean to say, you *will* not lend it me—come, July, don't be ill-natured, nor lecturing just now; you *know* I have a reason for not increasing my bill with that woman; yet I must have the turban and the scarf I have seen—I cannot live without them."

"I will never assist in such a wicked thing as covering your hair, sister," said Julia, with a smile that yet struggled with a sigh, which she could not forbear to give; adding, "but I really tell you the truth; I have not the money, as my aunt can vouch."

"Well, then, step over to Mode's, that's a dear, and order them home as for yourself. I am in agonies, lest some of the neighbouring ladies should come in; for they will be gone inevitably."

"I cannot run a bill there; I never do any where," said Julia, leaving the room.

"Did any body ever see such an ill-natured, formal, resolute creature? Ellen, do pray assist me—I know you are always poor, with books, and prints, and such-like nonsense; but, between you, I shall certainly secure the turban at least."

"Ellen took out her purse, smilingly observing, "that she thought *her nonsense* was, at least, entitled to as much respect as her cousin's, in which observation Coversham and their uncle warmly concurred; but the beauty thought little of any one's opinion; so flying away, she secured a part of her prize, and, for the rest of the day, amused herself by reproaching Julia for some covert extravagance, which she was determined to find out before she left the place.

Coversham saw clearly that the eldest sister was, herself, downright extravagant; and he could not doubt but that Julia, denying to lend her money, had sought to check a propensity from which she had, probably, often suffered; but he was not, therefore, reconciled to her assertions of falsehood.—He found his heart as well as his mind interested in the matter; for Julia, in her gentle manners, and sound understanding, had won his esteem, whilst his eye ever dwelt with pleasure on her fair face, graceful form, and neat habiliments.

When night came, Maria was, indeed, very splendid in person and dress; and Coversham felt that he could be proud of exhibiting such a woman in a public room. Julia did not appear so soon as he wished to see her, but he understood she was engaged with Ellen, who, according to custom, was behind her time, and who, when she did come, despite of all Julia's pinning and improving, was shabby, untidy, and inconsistent. She was possessed of some diamonds, and on the strength of that, together with her professed blue-stockings, thought she had a right to appear in a soiled gown and shabby trimmings. Coversham was thankful that she was not his sister; and he felt determined that she should not be his partner either for the night or for life.

But Julia was really lovely—she had never looked so well before, and her hair, in particular, looked so elegant, that it made the feathered turban of Maria fall under it, in every eye, but that of the lady herself; who, after a rapid survey of her sister, observed, "that she had on the very same dress, in

every particular, that she wore, two months ago, at Lady ——'s rout."

"Of course I have; but you know, sister, it was never seen here before."

"Very true, but I am all for variety."

"And I am partial to independence," Julia replied, in so low a voice, that, if Coversham had not been behind her at the moment, he would not have heard her words; they confirmed him in the idea that she was prudent and economical in her expences, that she was yet moderate in the assertion of her wisdom, and, in fact, a sensible, good girl, in every respect, save one—he had rather she should have lent the money, and lost it, than have told a lie about it.

Maria was the beauty of the night; yet the hand of Julia was more frequently sought, and always with an air of profound respect, whilst the elderly women (especially those of rank and high character) treated her with that peculiar kindness and affection indicative of esteem and approbation. It was evident that many mothers would have rejoiced to see her smile on their sons, who had, by no means, the same emotion awakened when those sons flirted with her sister, or chatted with her cousin. Coversham thought this a decided proof of her worth, and he felt that her charms were more than sufficient for him, for she danced delightfully, and with all the innocent hilarity such an evening is calculated to produce, yet preserved inviolate the demeanour of modest dignity.

On their arrival at home the servant informed his master, "that Sarah Holmes and her little boy had been waiting for four or five hours to speak to Miss Julia; and he hoped she would see her directly, it was so late for the poor creature to go home."

"What a silly woman she must be," said her uncle; "I recollect she was an old servant of Egerton's; and I suppose she used to dress the girls when they were little ones; so she wanted to see them now in their finery: tell her to come here, James."

"Oh! no, no," exclaimed Julia; "I will go to her this moment."

But the woman had heard the arrival, and was already in the hall, and, as by a glance towards Julia, she feared that she had stayed too late, and intruded improperly, she began instantly to apologize.



"I couldn't help it, miss; indeed I couldn't; for how could I lay down to sleep without just thanking you for such a noble present. Why it have set me up for ever, it have given bread to us all; and my husband himself can pull it away, lame as he is, quite wonderful.—Oh! you have been the making of us for ever."

"I am glad of it, very glad; but pray go home, Sally—I'll come and see you before we return; but you must leave me now."

"Yes, miss, I will leave you; and may God send you as good a night as you have given to me and mine: well do you deserve to be richly dressed, and to dance gaily every night of your life."

With these words the poor, but happy woman departed; and Julia would have gone too, but her uncle had got her hand and drew her perforce forward, as he said, "What, in the name of wonder, is this present of your's to poor Sally, which has set her up for ever? it appears to have had much the same effect on her spirits that the gold gingerbread-looking-thing on Maria's head, had upon her's, in the morning."

"It was a mangle and a washing-machine."

"I understand it—the lame husband can, indeed, help his wife in her trade as a washerwoman; which, I recollect, the poor creature took up when he had the accident that deprived them all of bread. Julia, you have done not only well, but wisely:—nay, don't blush, child, though your uncle says he honours you."

But Julia did blush, and go away as quickly as she could; for there were other eyes beside her uncle's that professed both love and honour, mixed also with somewhat of penitence for having dared to mistrust her. From this time Co-versham did not trouble himself with investigating the character of each, for having fixed the eye of selection upon one, he felt it due to all to shew where his regard had fallen.

"Have you made choice of a wife?" said his friend on his return to town.

"I have, and hope, in due time, to shew you that a most amiable young lady has made choice of me for a husband, but she is one 'who will not unsought be won,' so we must give time to the affair."

"But you know my notions—tell me, my dear fellow, has she fashion, or, no fashion?"

"She is precisely the medium between the woman who gives herself up to dress, and her who neglects it—she has good sense, good taste, prudence, and benevolence."

"I don't doubt it; but just tell me what number of flounces does she wear?"

"I never counted them, but I know the whole of them is in a small compass compared with others."

"Good! and her pelisse?"

"Is pale lilac with pale trimmings; and she has a white chip bonnet with gauze ribands; really, Frank, I can tell you no more on this subject."

"'Tis enough, you are in love, or you would not have known so much—the lady has a proper sense of the neat and becoming, the characteristics of a gentlewoman, as also of the demands of fashion, therefore I congratulate you sincerely."

"Then, my good Davenport, since you are satisfied that I have taken your advice in not paying my addresses to a dowdy, I trust you will take mine in return, whenever you feel inclined to change your situation, consider, that, in the choice of a companion for life, we ought also to remember eternity; and conclude that there are many things, after all, of more importance than Fashion, or no Fashion."

B.

#### THE WORD "US" EXPLAINED.

AN Athenian once said to a Hebrew lad, "Here, my boy, is some money; bring *us* some figs and grapes." The boy went and purchased the fruit, and giving half of it to the stranger, kept the other half for himself. "Is it customary here, for a messenger to take half of what he fetches?" said the Athenian, rather surprised. "No," answered the boy; "but our custom is to speak what we mean, and to do as we are desired. "But," rejoined the stranger, "I did not desire thee to take half the fruit?" "Oh!" replied the boy, shrewdly, "what else couldst thou mean by saying *bring us*? does not that word include the *hearer* as well as the *speaker*?" The Athenian smiled and was contented.

HEBREW TALES.

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MACDONALD'S COTTAGE.

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*(Continued from page 88.)*

EARLY next morning, in the presence of his wife, Ara again renewed the subject of Walter Græme's proposals to Maria; and enforced his opinions with arguments that certainly had every weight of reason on their side. Yet still he could not bring Maria to say the word that was to give up Macdonald.

"Then, what," said her father, "does all this parade of affection for us signify? you must clearly see the advantage this match would be to yourself and to your family. In your own place, you secure yourself a splendid and respectable home, in the rank of life you were born and brought up in; for your sisters just advancing into life, an entrance and protection in society, that, from our declining age, and their now unhappy brotherless state, they cannot otherwise have; and to your own parents, the consolation of descending to the grave, exempt from the uneasy death-bed of those whose children have lost themselves by disobedience. But you! for the fancy of a boy and girl, whose very years have not yet attained the age of reason or reflection, wish to sacrifice yourself, your sisters, and your parents, that you may throw yourself into the arms of a beggar, and dig the earth with him for bread! And, since you force me by your folly and silence to speak plainer still, I will say, that, presumptuous as Macdonald has proved himself to be, he would not have dared to have lifted his eyes to you, without the most marked encouragement."

"Oh, no, Ara," interrupted Lady Mary, weeping, "do not degrade the unhappy girl so low as that: although she has forgotten duty and affection, I trust her delicacy is still untouched; even as Macdonald's wife I should feel, if I thought he could reproach her with encouragement that he did not himself seek."

Maria's heart turned almost to stone as her father and mother spoke, and recollection awoke with torture to accuse her of her morning walks on Benvorlach through wind and rain; her visits to the rocky glen, where few feet but of necessity, ever went; her encounter of Macdonald there; and the remembrance that he had never uttered a word that spoke of love



to her, until he had discovered her lying amongst the rocks, and looking down upon his cottage. Innocence had hitherto kept her from a thought that she had done wrong; but now, worldly propriety and experience came to tear off the veil from her pure but simple ignorance; and left her in an agony of shame, at the want of delicacy she had shown to Macdonald.

A word she uttered not; but Ara could read from her changing countenance part of what was passing in her artless mind. None can blame him that he took advantage of it; the engagement between Maria and Macdonald was such as every good father would have wished to have broken off. It was but the first passion of two young hearts, that knew not yet how hard it was for poverty to get through the world. Ara, seconded by his wife, succeeded in completely arousing the hitherto unsuspecting delicacy of Maria; and as neither she nor Macdonald had any friend to take part with their attachment, they shared the same fate that many youthful lovers have done before; and hearts that nature brought together, worldly prudence separated.

Ara that evening, unknown to Maria, wrote to Macdonald as follows:—

“ Sir,

“ I have discovered that a clandestine engagement subsisted between my daughter Maria and you, at the time of her leaving Ara castle. As I never considered you wanting in sense, I shall not point out the reasons that make such a connexion impossible in my family; nor shall I hurt your feelings, by making comparisons that only the unreflecting and presumptuous folly of youth could possibly have made you forget.

“ Miss Græme has come to a just sense of the impropriety of her conduct; and declines in future any other sentiments from you than those of friendship.

“ An answer to this letter is neither expected nor wished; but strict obedience to its contents is demanded, and shall be insisted on, at the peril of my everlasting displeasure.

“ GRÆME OF ARA.”

This letter found Macdonald upon a sick bed; nursed, night and day, by Miss Jeanie. After Maria's departure he had gone

anxiously to the neighbouring post-house daily; in expectation of a reply from his uncle. Days and weeks passed away without one: and the sanguine mind of Macdonald suffered, as upon the rack, at the disappointment.

Every morning he ascended the glen, and wandered, with a sad and aching heart, round the trysting place he had so lately met Maria in. The winter was beginning to fall; and Benvorlach looked drear and gloomy: no light step now bounded through the heather to meet him; cold and solitary, the sullen wind was the only voice that greeted him; as it swept in furious eddies, through the rugged, hollows of the mountain. Often has Macdonald descended the glen with his cheeks wet with more than the battering rain.

In his solitude now, the visions that had charmed him, when with Maria, no longer came to cheer his depressed mind. Fancy departed; and reason brought forward the review of a life, and what he had to offer to Maria. The winter in Glenquair had never appeared to him so dreadful as in that year, when he thought of Maria being imprisoned amongst snows and rocks; and lodging with him in his little cottage, that every blast shook as if it would annihilate, whilst every heavy rain forced some of its drops through the heather thatch.

Miss Jeanie turned her wheel, and roasted her potatoes in great contentment, and chanted away her old lilt, except now and then, when she would exclaim in a stormy night, "Lord preserve me! heard ever ony body sic a win'? na, Allan, gif ye dinna pit a stick to the door, it'll be blawn open, an' aff the hinges! I dinna think there's been siccan a winter sin' the year afore yer father cam' hame; whan Jock Gairner was smooored ayont the elfins' kirk. It's nae a canny place that; Allan, laddie, ye maun never gae there, bit in bonnie simmer days. They sae, ilka ten years, the fairies maun hae the heart's bluid o' an earthly mon; and it's just sax years this yule sin Jock Gairner wus tint: it was his ain faut, doited chiel for a' body roun' aboot here, ken's that they canna de ony ill, bit atween the midnicght oors, o' twal an ane; bit the puir carle had been taking a drappie; an' his auld heed forgot itself."

She might have spoken for hours before Macdonald had interrupted her; he was sitting with his eyes fixed on the peat fire that was blazing with Miss Jeanie's dried whins, and

revolving in his mind how Maria could ever live in his humble cottage, where a bowl of milk, and an oaten cake, were the whole of the luxuries he had to offer her.

"How could I keep her warm," thought he, "in these pitiless storms? how could I shelter her from the cold that sweeps through these insufficient walls? would this bare earthen floor suit the gentle feet, that have hitherto stepped but on the richest carpets? or my hard bed yield rest to the delicate form that now sinks nightly in the softest down? true, I would fold her in the fondest arms that love ever clasped together: but would they keep out all regret for what I had taken her from? Oh! Maria! would I had a throne to offer you!"

It was in vain Miss Jeanie a thousand times exclaimed, "Allan, ye're surely nae wud aneuch to think o' gaun out the dae? Ou mon! a dog wad bide at hame sic weather as this! ye'll get your letter in time the morn, even though it sud lie a nicht at the post; noo dinna gang the dae, my dautie."

Macdonald would not stop; he shook off, firmly, but gently, the detaining hand of Miss Jeanie, and amid snow and wind, that almost barred progress, pursued his solitary path to the post town.

Hardy as Macdonald was, he at last sunk beneath this constant exposure to the tempestuous rigours of a Highland winter; yet, perhaps, the anxious state of his mind was more the cause of weakening his frame, than the storms he had been so long accustomed to encounter.

When he was at last obliged to keep his bed, it was no wonder, although Miss Jeanie was alarmed; and without her, Macdonald would have been ill off. To nurse and recover him, Miss Jeanie thought no fatigue too much; and speak at any hour of the day, or look up at any hour of the night, Miss Jeanie was never absent from his bed. She hired a neighbouring lad, for a piece of bread and cheese, to go twice a week to the post town; but long he returned a bootless messenger; and Macdonald was always worse the day Sandy Brown called at the cottage to say, "There's nae letter the dae."

C. B. M.

(To be continued.)



## THE MAID OF AFRICA.

(Concluded from page 70.)

HENNE blushed, and resumed.—“Mara Amy stood for some minutes silent; his looks bent on the ground, and his big heart throbbing, till it shook the vest on his bosom, also the very heavy chain-work, that linked the two shoulder-pieces of his dark borneuse athwart that brave breast, to the belt beneath. It contained the broken fragment of a spear, caught up in the crisis of a moment; and which had then supplied the place of a short sword, or dagger, to defend the life of the overwhelmingly attacked Englesé.—In that one instant two of his dusky enemies, with their weapons at the back of the Rhais, had received their death-blow from the stroke of Mara Amy's arm! During his present meditation, his left hand rested on the fractured truncheon of this broken spear. The Rhais' eye fell there too; but he was not aware of the good service it had done him, though fully conscious to several other instances of the noble slave's similar peril in his behalf. “Mara Amy,” repeated the Rhais, “why be in such a haste, to precede our necessary slow march?—But, whatever it may be, I cannot allow you to proceed before me to the Sheihk, your master, without bearing from me some writing of your fidelity, that may demand your reward? Shall it be your liberty? my purse shall do the rest!”

“No, no!” cried the negro, starting forward with animation; “write indeed with your pencil upon this piece of linen—I shall carry it upon my heart—saying, to the sovereign of Mara Amy's life!—He only wishes to be more that sovereign's slave.—Let him, then, live and die in that sovereign's presence; the proud reward he seeks for being the Rhais's faithful servant! And let the yet fresh spear-mark on his cheek, be the sign of that fidelity!”

“I will write it,” answered the Rhais; “but there is no reward the Sheihk of Bornou can bestow on you, that shall supersede my own intentions to repay, in some sort, the debt I owe you; even my life, more than once, brave African!”—While the Rhais took the piece of linen, and spread it, to write what he said, Mara Amy trembled, and gazed on him; recalling

to himself, with encreasing emotion, the observation his own fond heart had made on his parting demeanor, in the home of the too-tenderly beloved Zené.—Full of the recollection, he suddenly exclaimed—"Brave Inglesé!—Son of other sires, than our dark Africa! and whose infant lips, first drew the food of life, from bosoms born amongst northern snows!—Oh, tell me—were the bounty of heaven to bestow on me the smile of an African maid,—is there one of the daughters of our sires, of whom you would say—Mara Amy, lift not your eyes to her, whose voice is to speak—and make me forget, that any white-bosomed sister in my own land sighs for Rhais Khaleel!"

"The Rhais gazed on him in turn, then smiled, and shook his head,—“No! no!”—said he, “woo thy dusky bride, wherever sought; and, when found, and won, your English friend shall spread your bridal feast.—Let me then, hear of thee, at Kouka!”—Mara Amy still trembled.—“I go,” said he, “but we may never meet again.—Yet, if at my bridal feast, I bless thee for thy boon! thy stamp of worth upon me!—for gold could not buy my heart, neither can it reward me.—If Mara Amy have no bridal feast, the dirge of his death-song, will tell the Rhais, that a slave’s duty never nerved the arm that served him!”—With the word, he vaulted unto the back of a fleet horse, which stood near him, and was out of sight in an instant.

“Time past on; and the Rhais heard not of Mara Amy at Kouka.—He had asked no gift of the Sheihk; he had not even appeared there.—Had he then fallen in with any rambling hostile tribes, and been cut off in his youth, and the blooming of his manly virtues? The Rhais mourned for the noble slave, and the Sheihk regretted the loss of so faithful a bondman.—Weeks then rolled away; and moons were in full orb, after the fatal grazzie of Boo Khaloom, before the brave Inglesé bade farewell to Bornou; and called up his servants to load the camels, and prepare the travelling tents, for returning across the desert, to the shores of the great sea.

“It was during a heavy sand storm, that he reached Zeghren.—His horsemen, and his camel-drivers, had been nearly overwhelmed by the heaving, driving waves of that fatal, earthy ocean, and himself almost blinded by the scorching, dusty clouds; with his skin blistered, by its penetrating, burning particles, he gladly found himself again within the sheltering precincts of that border town.—The still dense air blazed

with a furnace heat, though the sun had set; and the glowing colour of the atmosphere, darkened, to a blood-red, by the coming shadows of evening, seemed to draw around still closer the curtain of suffocation.—But “the brave Inglesé are returned!” was soon the welcoming cry, from street to street; and the elders, with their sons, and servants, hastened to lead both animals and masters to places of lodging.—In one happy coozie, (that is the name we give our simple homes in Fezzan, and it belonged to the chief of the town,)—the Rhais spread his bed of rest.—Who, then, was within hearing of the Sidi Rhais name! that did not send him and his, a portion of their welcoming meal?—But one donation was more carefully disposed than any of the others.—A milk-white basket of wicker-work, covered with date leaves, and containing every nicety the hand of an African matron could collect, was presented to him by an aged female slave.—While placing it at his feet, and unveiling her face, in bending her head to the ground, he saw it was Siriah, the old negress attendant of Zene’s mother.—Siriah told it, when she came back, that he rose; and, in that position of reverence, enquired for the health of the venerable woman.—“She weeps,” replied the slave, “for she is alone. The chief, her brave son, is summoned to receive a coat of honour from his Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli; and he is gone.—And Zené, the comfort of her eyes, is married, and received to the tent of her husband’s mother!—Will not, then, the Sidi Rhais come to the lonely threshold of the desolate, and shed the tears of consolation on its untrodden stones?” The Rhais started, and exclaimed, “Zené married!” But he did not say more of her; only added—“tell the venerable lady, that when the moon rises, I shall come, to pay my last reverence to her; and to bless the roof of my brave friend, her son!” And he did so.

“He found her sitting, mournfully, on her cushions of lion’s skin, which had been the gift of her son; and hung about with blue and red curtains, woven by her daughter’s hand.—A lamp stood on a sort of bracket projection from the wall, near her. At sight of the Rhais, she hastily rose, and running to him, clasped him in her aged arms, crying out, with sobs—“Well-come! Blessing, blessing! my son is gone to the great man; my daughter, taken to the bosom of a master?—And what am I to do?—the widow of a father of a tribe is alone!”



The Rhais, with gentle, soothing accents—ah, such as the tender dove would utter over its callow young!—with such, he calmed the grief of that venerable mourner, and replaced her on her cushion.—He spoke of her son's brightness, in the eyes of his people; of his fame, with the chief of the land; and of her grey hairs crowned with reverential joy, by his returning hand.—He spoke of her daughter's loveliness; wedded, like the moon to the sun, reflecting his brightness in the host of stars; shedding her beams, soft and luminous; and cheering the night of her dear parent's last days, with genial visits, and ever duteous offices.—“Her husband,” added he, “thy other son; her children, the fond upholders of thy aged, failing steps!”

“To this, the comforted mother, was answering with a repetition of her blessings on him, when a quick tread sounded behind him.—He looked round, and beheld a female figure rushing forward, from a little door, in an opposite direction from the one at which he had entered. Though the form was enveloped, from head to foot, in a close white barracan, yet its peculiar gliding lightness, made his heart, surely in spite of himself! bound in his breast.—Zené saw that it did; or, rather, felt it.—For, grateful to the words just breathed into her beloved mother's solitary ear, she had hastened forward; and throwing off her veiling mantle, it fell to the ground, while she dropped her face upon his shoulder.—This is the mode of cordial salutation in the land of Fezzan. But more than mere ceremony, was then in the action of Zené. She felt a sister, a daughter, a wife's gratitude; and large tears rolled down her cheeks, upon his breast;—his turning cheek, too, met them; and his bosom felt the agitated heaving of her's.—The Rhais heart then beat with an emotion that appalled her.—A low, half-stifled sigh escaped him; which seemed to say—“Zené! thou hast been too hasty.—Feel, now, the pulse that reveals it to thee;—and mingle thy tears with mine? For I knew, thou didst love me!” His lip, had, indeed, at that moment, drank Zené's tears.

“What could she do?—she had loved him.—But he was a stranger; and she believed, his soul was far away in thought, and never hovered near her.—One of her own people came from distant mountains,—young, brave; also a son of mercy! He lived but as she turned her eyes in kindness on him.—

And, how was he a son of mercy?—He was like unto the Rhais, in generous compassion to suffering man, or enduring beast! But, what more? He devoted his arm, and unshielded bosom, to guard and preserve the life of the Rhais!—It was the faithful Mara Amy! it was the noble Ben Gibel! He came with the scar of the Felutah spear upon his brow; won, defending the stranger, he saw she loved! And, how did she repay him? Wealth, nor honours, could not have done it; nor fame; no, nor the power of the great Bashaw of Tripoli, himself!—She read the only reward, in his wordless, changeful countenance, and she gave it!—her heart, in all its virgin purity, wholly without reserve! It had been the gentle virtues of the Rhais, that stole it from herself.—It was the proved, disinterested excellence of the silent Ben Gibel, which restored it to her. And what was Zené's gratitude? she bestowed it with herself, upon him! But how did the Rhais receive this? The venerable mother named Ben Gibel as the husband of her child: but she knew not the secret, which had won her to his bosom. Did Zené, then, whisper in the ear of the brave Inglesé, that Mara Amy, his preserver! had bought her, at that price? No. In the moment her agitated joy might have betrayed it, a chord within her seemed to vibrate the untold tale of his then swelling heart. She shrunk, trembling, from the conscious feeling that he knew she had loved him; for she felt, he thought she loved him still, and wept those tears, in sorrow that it was so! Ah! should she then afflict the noble stranger, with leaving him in this belief? should she allow the wound of pining tenderness, to fester, like the poisoned arrow, all his future days? No, no; and yet her husband, the light and crown of her life! had bound her, not to reveal to human ear, that, even for his love, he, a son of the unbondaged heirs of the mountains Assoud, should ever have put on him the garments of a slave! How, then, could she convince the Sidi Rhais, that her heart beat with no softer pulse, than that of hospitable kindness for him?"

"Henna's coral lips parted with an arch expression, at this latter question; while the glittering of her own lucid eyes, might well have imaged forth the graceful beauties she was describing.

"Woman," continued she, "of all countries, knows where to find the magic point in every man's heart, which, aptly touched, can dis-enchant, or charm? Zené now sought it in

the Rhais. She raised herself from his shoulder, dashing away with her braceleted hand, the large tears from her eye-lashes, and looking up, smiled in his face.—The Rhais was gazing on her, in fixed, agitated silence.

He afterwards avowed to a friend, who wrote it in a letter from his own country, that “he then thought her lovelier than any thing he had ever seen.—She was just seventeen; full of glowing, innocent youth; and dressed in her marriage garments.”—When the large exterior veil is dropped, they appear disposed to reveal, with modesty, every grace of form.—He also confessed to his friend, that “had she not herself broke the spell then stealing over him, he knows not in what a mood he might have quitted Africa!” A word dissolved his dangerous meditation; his strange regrets, for a daughter of the dark-browed children of the desert.

“Sidi Khaleel!” cried she, smiling in his face, and speaking with a sort of infantine, persuasive impatience, “you know I am married; and I know, while you were far away, you remembered the sister of your Fezzan brother; and, that you have brought me something, to tell me so!”—“What would’st thou have me give thee, sweet Zené? would it not be better, we should forget each other?”—“Oh, no, no?” and then she laughed, and touched his arm with something like a sportive stroke of displeasure, and playfully whispered, “I must be remembered, like other wedded women! When I was a little childish damsel, you could not give me any thing but gentle looks, that I might not be frightened at the white man, who carries thunder in his bosom! But now I am married to a valiant chief of spears, I know I may have a present from the brave Khaleel! So, pray, pray, Sidi Rhais, give me one? and when my husband’s mother asks me what the Inglesé has bestowed, let me say—It is like all Inglesi, good! good!”

“The Rhais looked surprised, and answered: “Did your husband know you were coming to me, here?”—“No; but his mother does.—She is a wise woman! and knows the Inglesi have large hearts; as full of gifts, as kind words; and she sent me to you, for a present, that may shine in the eyes of her children’s children!”—“Stay, then,” returned the Rais, “till I bring such a gift?—And, when you look on it, henceforth, cherish a spirit of such kindness, as I have received here at your mother, and your brother’s hands, towards all of my complexion, who may hereafter visit your mountain home!”



"The Rhais's bright blue eyes were momentary dimmed with a big drop in each. Zené felt the dew in her's; but she twinkled it away, and gaily said—"No, no; do not go for any thing; but give me this!" and she took his scarlet cloak from off the bench, where he had cast it on entering.—There were gold claspings, and chain-work, on its breast and collar; and it was very costly.—She wished him to think, she had chosen it, because it was costly! What he did think, she did not then know; but as she flew through the little interior door-way, he hastily followed, and took her hand,—“Nay, Zené!” said he, “will you give me no memorial?—This is not parting like friends! (for she had struggled an instant, to withdraw her hand;) or is a gift more [precious in your estimation, than the farewell blessing?”

“Zené turned to speak.—Perhaps her voice was then a little agitated—but still smilingly she answered, while continuing hurryingly to gather the ample folds of the Englesé's mantle within her arms—“I shall come back; and when you see me, you shall say, how generous Zené can be to her brother's friend!—But for this borneuse, (meaning the scarlet cloak,) while it covers the breast for whom I take it, the mildness of the night, and the coolness of the day, will tell you, you need not the boon you have bestowed on the wife of the chief of Ben Ossoud.’

“Zené fled with the word; and the Sidi Rhais saw her no more. She returned no more to him; she sent him no present. And, with a smile at woman's caprice, a sigh at man's credulity, he left the coozie of her mother—saying to himself, ‘Well done, African simplicity! so to clad thy lord, in the spoils of them thou thinkest his rival!’

“Zené heard he wrote so to his Inglesi friend; and Zené also knew, that he sighed no more for her; and that the tale of her simplicity, calls up the ready smiles on the countenances of his countrymen, whenever he repeats the story.—But Zené's gift to him, was the freedom of his heart! and Zené, blest in the conviction, smiles, in her turn, at the marvelled tale! and having once told it to her beloved husband, and received his approving lip upon her brow, she now relates it to you, fair sisters!” They started at this unexpected avowal; and with animated curiosity glowing in their beautiful faces, would have uttered their amazed enquiry; but waving her hand, smilingly

to them, she sweetly continued—' I relate it, to shew how an African can love; how an African can be devoted to a friend; how an African can emulate the white man's virtues!' "

She had yet the words on her lips, when the door of the apartment opened, and Don Alphonso d'Estella, the husband of the Lady Rosalia, entered. But not alone; the Sidi Rhais himself was there; and Alphonso brought him forward to present him to his wife.—But who else followed?—Zené sprang from her seat, and flung herself upon the bosom of her African lord—And another of Moorish hue, was there also.—" It is my brother, Abdi Zeleel, fair Inez!" whispered Henne, as she turned from her husband's clasping arms, to receive the embrace of the young chief.—Inez blushed when her eye met the instant gaze of Abdi Zeleel,—But some pen must tell, what were her subsequent thoughts of African love; what his, of the changing power of really Christian virtues!

The Rhais smiled, and respectfully put the hand of Zené to his lips.—" Omhal Henna!" said he, "still the *Mara Zené* of all who can remember Africa and thee! I have discovered my preserver Mara Amy, in thy hero of the mountains! He is the brother of my soul! thou, the sweet sister of my heart!"

"And is Henna and Zené, the same lovely person?" cried Rosalia.—The sweet African bowed her head, and smiled through her happy tears.—And, true it was, and the tale is true; and may the reflections, which must arise, in listening to such a tale, prompt all those who hear or read it, to pity, to respect, to succour, the humblest sons of Africa!

J. P.

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A JEWISH traveller passing by a well near Jerusalem, saw a little girl drawing water. Being thirsty, he asked her for a draught, "Drink," said she, "and when thou hast done, I will draw some for the beast on which thou ridest." He did so, and on departing, said, "Daughter of Israel, thou hast imitated the virtuous example of our good mother Rebekah."—"If I have," (said the girl, with an arch smile,) "if I have, thou hast not imitated that of the faithful Eleazer."—Eleazer, it may be observed, made the damsel Rebekah a handsome present.

HEBREW TALES.

## SCENES ON THE SPOT;

OR,

PARIS IN 1824.

BY CHRISTOPHER CRAYON, ESQ.

*(Continued from page 78.)*

BUT to return to the saloon of M. de la V—, from which, in my usual way, I have been rambling pretty far: About eleven o'clock, tea, in the French and English manner, was handed round: the latter was really in our style, very strong, and accompanied with biscuits and bread-and-butter; the former was literally hot water and sugar; salvers filled with glasses of sugar and water, went round also. These are the only refreshments offered in Parisian evening parties; suppers being now entirely out of fashion. Before the Revolution, they were the vogue; and my readers, I dare say, have all heard more or less of those delicious *pic nics*, which the flow of soul and the feast of wit (for, I am afraid, we must not talk of reason) rendered at once so brilliant and so seductive; they would be sought for now in vain. In a moral point of view, they are not to be regretted; yet one cannot help wishing that the spirit of gaiety and urbanity which distinguished them, could have been separated from the irreligion and licentiousness which they too often glossed over; and that it had been possible to have discarded the one, and preserved the other.

I observed, in the course of the evening, that several of the men, without being exactly vulgar, had no pretensions to elegant or polished manners, while their wives were perfectly elegant and lady-like. I remarked this, afterwards, to Bonhommie, who explained the cause of it frankly enough: "These men," said he, "are *parvenus*; they have gained great property, and have mixed enough in genteel society to rub off their original grossness; but they cannot acquire, in perfection, either the tone, or manners, of those circles to which their wealth alone gives them admittance. This is not the case with our women; they acquire, with incredible ease and facility, all the habits and usages of polished life: they manage, too, heaven knows how, to pick up a smattering of the literature of the day, which enables them to make a respectable figure in conversation; whilst they contrive, with incredible tact and dexterity,



not to betray their ignorance of those subjects upon which they ought, but really are not able, to speak: and thus the favours of fortune sit always more easily and gracefully upon them than upon the men; and there are many instances of women, without birth or education, who move in the first circles, without betraying, by their behaviour, their Plebeian origin.

“Society in France will never again take its former tone: the change of manners and habits is too great to permit its possibility; nor is it, perhaps, desirable that it should; but it has, within the last five years, become much better than it was during the twenty years before. The reason is obvious; the children of the now rich are growing up; they have received all the advantages which their parents' wealth could afford, and they are daily taking their place in society: thus, in a few years, the discordant elements, of which it is at present composed, will be done away.”

This conversation passed while we were walking together to take a view of the Chamber of Peers, formerly the Hotel de Luxembourg. It was purchased from the Duke of Luxembourg by Marie de Medicis, widow of Henry the Fourth, who, being in possession of great wealth, by the wise economy of the immortal Sully, the friend and minister of her deceased lord, seemed to have no other object in view than that of dissipating it as fast as she could. The duke's mansion was destroyed by her majesty's order, and a palace erected upon its site, after the model of the Pitti-palace, at Florence. After having been successively inhabited by different branches of the Bourbon family, it was deserted for some time before the Revolution, and was shortly afterwards converted into a prison. It was rescued from this state of degradation in the year 1795, when the Directory held their sittings there. It was afterwards used for the same purpose by the *Consulat*, and then became the palace of the *Senat Conservateur*; till, at the Restoration, it was converted into the Chamber of Peers. This edifice, built in the purest style of Italian architecture, unites elegance with solidity. The interior is splendidly decorated with paintings and statues. You pass through three magnificent halls to the Chamber itself, which is semi-circular and seventy-seven feet in diameter. Here, as in the Chamber of Deputies, the members are reminded of the duties of their station by the ornaments of the hall; it is decorated with sta-

ties of the most celebrated legislators of antiquity, and all the civil and military virtues are marshalled in grand array upon the ceiling, the paintings of which are uncommonly beautiful. Thus the peers may be said, whether they practice their duties or not, never to lose sight of them. They take their seats at the age of twenty-five, but are not allowed to vote till thirty; a pretty plain confession that, in France at least, legislative wisdom is a plant of slow growth. I had no opportunity of witnessing their style of oratory; no one being admitted to their sittings.

The hall of the throne corresponds, in magnificence, with the chamber. The other apartments have nothing remarkable, except the one that contains the golden book of the French peerage, which, with its exquisite arabesques and splendid gilding, is altogether superb. The archives and medallions of the peers are deposited in closets. The paintings which adorn this room are some of the master-pieces of Rubens.

The gallery of paintings collects the best works of the first masters of the modern French school: the natives themselves speak of them as masterpieces; but it is much to be doubted whether they will find foreigners of their opinion; for, with very few exceptions, they are all, more or less, chargeable with two great faults—the want of sufficient force, and the excess of it. Thus their warriors and sages have the air either of the opera-dancers or chiefs of banditti. The colouring also, upon which they especially pride themselves, wants nature and softness; and the attitudes and the grouping of the principal figures have an unnatural stiffness, totally destructive of grace. These faults proceed, in my opinion, from that over eagerness to produce effect, which is inherent in the French character. Nature always appears to a Frenchman insufficient for the scope which his genius demands; he must soar beyond it; and the consequence is, that he frequently loses sight of the goddess altogether. There are, however, a few excellent pictures in this collection; but the truth with which nature is copied in them, serves to display in a more glaring light the faults of the rest.

An Englishman will find the garden of the Luxembourg more suited to his taste than that of the Tuilleries, inasmuch as nature has been more consulted in its arrangement, though art has also done her part for its embellishment. There are

several fine statues, a handsome basin, and a beautiful and spacious flower-garden. One may make this distinction between the greater part of the visitors of the Luxembourg-gardens, and those of the Tuilleries,—that the latter go to see and be seen, and the former to take air and exercise.

*(To be continued.)*

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### SONG

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Up, warrior, up! the sun is beaming,  
Snatch thee from thy couch of down ;  
Glory's standard bright is gleaming,  
For thee she weaves her laurell'd crown.

The clown has left his bed of slumber,  
And stoutly turns the stubborn soil:  
Leaving his low cabin's cumber,  
The wary fowler spreads his toil.

Proudly now with shrilly warning,  
Prompt to meet his favourite dame,  
Rears his crest, the bird of morning,  
Tells his tale, and vaunts his flame.

Then, warrior, rouse! where glory calls thee,  
Where sounds aloud the trump of fame  
Repair! for now thy country calls thee;  
Thy portion war, and war thy game.

The sword thy plough, the scene of battle  
Thy native field, thy genial soil;  
Thy melody, the cannon's rattle;  
The foe thy game, his blood thy spoil.

Then, warrior, up! the sun is beaming,  
Snatch thee from thy couch of down ;  
Glory's standard bright is gleaming,  
For thee she weaves her laurell'd crown.



## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## BIOGRAPHY.

SHERIDANIANA; or, Anecdotes of the Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; his Table-Talk, and Bon Mots. London. 1826.

So many years have elapsed since Mr. Sheridan's death, that the interest which once attached to his life and fortunes has materially subsided: nothing of novelty now remains to be told; and the pen of truth has already written the just estimate of his varied history. If, however, the lapse of years be unfavourable to the gratification of curiosity, it is, proportionably, favourable to the formation of an impartial opinion of his public and private life. The prejudices of party no longer exist; the charm which his matchless eloquence exercised over the minds of men, is for ever dispelled; and the false glare which splendid talents, and unrivalled powers of oratory, threw over his whole character, has, long ere this, vanished, as the mists of morning flit before the beams of a rising sun.—The life of Sheridan, connected, as it intimately is, with the history of his country, and her most august judicial proceedings, cannot be an uninteresting subject of contemplation to an English mind.—His convivial qualities, his wit, his anecdote, his conversation, were alike calculated to hold, in pleasing captivity, the admiration of his friends, and to secure for him an interest in their affection, which better qualities might, ineffectually, have desired. But there are moral lessons, which are of paramount importance, to be learned from his history, and it is, with a view especially to these, that we now refer to it.

Few men have been so fortunate as Sheridan, in having two biographers of so much ability and integrity as Watkins and Moore. The correct information of the one, his fidelity and his truth; and the eloquence and elegance of the other, have given to Sheridan's Memoirs a charm, and a value, which the lives of few other men possess.—But the fidelity, and the brilliancy of talents which they manifest, cannot make us forget that the conduct of Sheridan evinced such a complete want of prudence and principle, as renders the man despicable, though we yet admire, and hang with rapture, on the powers of the orator. He who could arraign the former Governor General of India, of oppression, fraud, and peculation, with a force and power of which language was heretofore thought incapable: who could enchain the attention, and hurry along with him, like the mountain torrent, the minds of a British senate; who could paint, with an energy and copiousness of expression, inferior to none, and superior to almost every other living orator, the misery which the hand of power had inflicted, and the ruin which inconsiderate counsels had occasioned, and the disgrace which had tarnished the glory of Britain, resulting from improvidence and recklessness of fame and honour—this was the very

man, who, in his private character, displayed a want of prudence, integrity, and honour, which rendered him the last model we should ever propose to the imitation of our sons.

We might not have digressed into these remarks, if the volume before us had not offended us, at the outset, by the detail of a disgraceful trick of low cunning, by which Sheridan sought to supply his wants, at the expense of honour and principle—nor has the editor marked, as he ought to have done, his opinion of its iniquity, by any remark whatever. The volume is, on the whole, a fair and correct representation of Sheridan's life; it is not deficient in interest; and is well adapted to enliven a dull day, or to dissipate the ennui of a gouty chamber. Before we lay aside these anecdotes of Sheridan, we would qualify our censure of his conduct and character, by remarking, that in one particular, we must commend him to the imitation of our sons and husbands—He appears ever to have preserved the most sincere and ardent affection and attachment to his wife. It is on record, that he attended her dying pillow with long-continued and unremitting attention,—that he usually spent whole nights in attentive ministering to her wants,—and that his grief at her death was deep and long-continued;—his nights were consumed in ceaseless sobbing; and even in society he would, says Mr. Kelly, “sit night after night, and cry like a child.”—Such was the tribute which duty and feeling paid to departed worth,—and we now leave to our readers to determine which is more worthy of admiration, the virtue and the goodness which could command, or the affection and sympathy which could offer, such a homage to the memory of a beautiful, accomplished, and attached WOMAN.

Although we have spoken severely of Mr. Sheridan's imprudence, we yet hesitate to charge him with intentional dishonesty. “His weakness,” says the editor of the volume before us, “was a desire to outwit every body with whom he transacted business of any kind, and even to obtain, by stratagem, what might have been as easily procured by simple methods. When thus pursuing this deplorable propensity, he had no intention of defrauding or injuring; but another lamentable failing; his procrastination, often gave to his actions that appearance.” Such is the apology pleaded for him; how far it is satisfactory, we leave to the judgment of our readers.

### HISTORY, &c.

HISTORY OF ALEXANDER THE FIRST, Emperor of all Russias, and of the Principal Events of his Reign. By Alph. Rabbe. 1826. 2 vols. 8vo.—This is a French work, though it is published in London as well as Paris, to satisfy the curiosity of the inhabitants of both those great capitals. Some months since, a volume appeared on the same subject, which has been duly noticed; and to that publication M. Rabbe is indebted for much of the information which he has laid before his readers. He has however had recourse to other authorities; and from vari-

ous sources has drawn together a considerable mass of intelligence relative to the history of Russia, and of its late sovereign. His book is better calculated to please the tastes of his own countrymen than of ours; but the details which it affords are too recent and too remarkable not to be highly and generally interesting. Till some superior work is produced, the present may, therefore, be recommended for the purposes either of general reading or occasional reference.

**FOUR YEARS IN FRANCE;** or a Narrative of an English Family's Residence there, &c. 1826. 8vo.—This Narrative appears to have been drawn up by a gentleman of the name of Best, the son of an English Protestant clergyman, but himself a Catholic; and of his conversion to the ancient faith of his family, he has given an account in the volume before us. It is obvious, from several parts of the work, that superstition forms a predominant trait in the character of the author; but where he does not permit his feelings to get the better of his judgment, he shews himself to be an acute and ingenious observer of men and things. He has accordingly collected a great deal of pleasing information, and detailed it in an agreeable manner.

**RECOLLECTIONS OF A PEDESTRIAN.** By the Author of "The Journal of an Exile." 2 vols. crown 8vo.—France has been the place of this writer's peregrinations, and the subject of his observations; and though the theme has been almost worn out, this pedestrian has contrived to glean a few facts, which had escaped preceding travellers. Hence those who read for amusement will not be wholly disappointed in turning over the pages of this work.

**TRAVELS IN CHILE AND LA PLATA.** By John Miers. 2 vols. 8vo.—The author of those Travels went to Chile, in 1818, for the purpose of setting up copper mills in that country, and stayed there long enough to make some important researches relating to the mines, minerals, agriculture, vegetables, inhabitants, and productions in general of those regions. His work not only affords valuable information concerning those topics, but likewise an interesting account of a military expedition against the Indian tribes to the South of Chile. Mr. Miers deserves the praise of having added considerably to our stock of intelligence about the new States of South America.

### NOVELS.

**DE FOIX;** or Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the fourteenth century. An historical Romance. By Anna Eliza Bray, late Mrs. Charles Stothard. 3 vols. 1826.—Pictures of human life and manners must be more generally interesting than any other kind of composition; and such works have of late years not only multiplied excessively but also been vastly improved as to quality. Novel-writing has been raised in the public estimation to a level with other branches of literary industry; and some of the most celebrated modern writers have not disdained to cultivate



the pleasant fields of fiction and romance. The authoress of those volumes is already advantageously known to the lovers of literature, on account of her interesting "Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Brittany, and other parts of France, in 1818." In that work she displays strong talents for observation, and a cultivated mind, which enabled her to sketch with taste and accuracy the peculiarities of the Norman and Breton peasantry, and give a lively delineation of the state of the country through which she travelled. But in the work before us she has undertaken the more arduous task of combining facts with fiction so as to produce an harmonious whole, exhibiting the state of Europe during the fourteenth century. That amusing chronicler, Froissart, has supplied her with much of the historical information "interwoven by the author in the tissue of her story." She farther says, in her preface, "the truth of history has not been violated in important facts, while imagination has filled up the outline with characters and events suited to the nature of romance. In sketching the manners and customs of the period in which the plot of her work is laid, she has also chiefly followed the ocular testimony of Froissart; she has however derived some useful information from the writers on ancient chivalry, particularly from the excellent treatise of St. Pelaye." As a work of mere amusement, Mrs. Bray's romance is most interesting in those parts which are most original. Where she seems to have given the reins to her imagination, she entertains us very agreeably; but her dissertations on ancient armour, and similar subjects, are too prolix, serving to interrupt the progress of the narrative and lessen the general interest of the tale. Few persons will think of looking into De Foix for the description of a hauberk, or the shape of a pennon; but the loves and sufferings of Eustace and Isabel, and even the adventures of the English page, will interest and amuse the most careless reader. If we thought our opinion would have any influence with the fair authoress, we would advise her, when she writes another romance, to rely more on her own powers of imagination, and less on her authorities.

REFLECTION; a Tale, by Mrs. Hoffland. London. 1826.

The writer of this volume has, on another occasion, feelingly described the painful difficulty which authors feel in finding names for the personæ dramatis of their respective publications. We acknowledge the truth and the reality of the difficulty; and hence, we freely accord our forgiveness if our heroes and heroines appear before us in the common and vulgar names by which less distinguished personages are frequently denoted. It was, no doubt, a nearly similar difficulty which perplexed our authoress in determining a title for her volume. So much has been written, that human ingenuity can scarcely now devise a cognomen by which the world can distinguish, and the author advertise, his just published volume. Such, we presume to have been Mrs. Hoffland's situation, in reference to the volume before us, which contains little to justify the *peculiar* title by which it is

known.—So much for the title.—Of the tale itself, generally, we can speak most favourably,—the characters are skilfully drawn,—the workings of the human mind are admirably delineated,—and there are no violations of either propriety or probability in the story itself: so that we can imagine the whole to be a reality; the characters introduced, and the events mentioned, being such as we daily meet with in our passage through life. The morality of the story is unexceptionable; its tendency is manifestly a virtuous one; and we, therefore, earnestly recommend the work as one which aims to improve the mind and subserve the cause of virtue through the medium of an interesting tale.

We venture, however, to suggest to the authoress, that a very great perplexity arises to the reader from the uselessly-multiplied persons introduced to his notice, at the commencement of the volume: the confusion which arises hence, destroys the individuality of each; whilst much care and repeated reading are required to prevent us from confounding the respective persons with one another. Perhaps it was this circumstance which suggested the title as a vade mecum to the reader, to enable him to find his way, with distinctiveness and certainty, through the mazes of the opening of the story. With this deduction from its merits, we yet deem it worthy a place in the domestic book-case.

VIVIAN GRAY. 1826. 2 vols.—This entertaining work, displaying with sprightly freedom the manners of fashionable life, has reached a second edition: and it is on that account we now give it a place in our notices.

#### POETRY.

WOMAN, a Poem, by Eaton Stannard Barrett, esq. with engravings from designs by R. Westall, esq. R. A.—We are old enough to remember the absurdity and the nonsense with which Mary Wolstonecroft sought to vindicate and to set forth the "Rights of Women." The world, we mean the sensible and moral part of it, had then scarcely recovered from the horror and the panic which Tom Paine's blasphemy and irreligion had occasioned. The mania of an infatuated multitude had fast hurried them on from discontent to rebellion; from anarchy, to despotism. They set out to recover the lost "Rights of man," and they terminated their mad career by the establishment of a system which neglected and despised all rights and all law, but that of conquest and the sword. Many who had favoured the principles of these men, in *their original moderation*, disgusted at the excesses of a lawless mob, now, too late, perceived how abstract principles of liberty and right become, in unskilful or mischievous hands, the perverted weapons of the wildest anarchy and the basest tyranny. The conflict of opinion, and the controversies which sprung out of Burke's Essay on the French Revolution, although, at one time, they threatened the peace and the tranquillity of this country, were, however, eventually of infinite service to its prosperity and glory. As the

storm which, in its desolating progress, shakes the very confines of creation, causing even the pillars of heaven to tremble; tearing up the deep-rooted pride of the forest, and discovering the very depths of that ocean whose angry billows mingled, in awful majesty and proud scorn, with the clouds of Heaven, whilst mens' hearts fail them because of fear:—as the storm which thus threatens destruction to a guilty world, becomes, in reality, its life, and its reinvigorating principle, in the destruction of the grosser particles of atmospheric matter by the ignition of the electric fluid; purifying and renovating the oppressed and languid face of nature: so the tempest which threatened the subversion of society, and the overthrow of all order, and peace, and which, by its velocity and violence, swept away, in its course, the deep-rooted prejudices and the long-established institutions of nations, eventually issued in their tranquillity and order; bringing things to a more just equality; adjusting the rights, and harmonizing the feelings, of men. Such was the result of the moral tempest, which, at the close of the last century, desolated Europe, and convulsed society.—The real liberties and rights of man now became better understood, and therefore more highly valued. Nor was Woman unaffected by it. Until this time, the prejudices of the world had proclaimed her imbecile in intellect, weak in judgment, and her mind incapable of cultivation, knowledge, and science. Thus prematurely condemned, she was, by sad necessity, the very being she was represented. Debarred by custom and by prejudice from all opportunities of knowledge, she was, ungenerously, declared incapable of its attainment. She was thus the double victim of ignorance, of neglect, and oppression. Tom Paine, and Godwin, and Wolstonecroft would have elevated her to ideal excellence, and claimed for her a rank to which she was never born; the bigot worshippers of barbarous customs and ancient prejudices, would have chained her down to degradation and to dishonour. The one would have retained her in bondage, the other would have raised her to despotism: in either case, woman were injured. Nature has designed her the help-meet, not the lord, of man. She is too lovely, too good, too pure, to be only the slave of man's pleasure, and the minister of his wants; too gentle, too kind, too feminine to be his master, and to usurp his sceptre. She will, it is true, rule—but it is by the gentler arts of persuasion; she will exercise dominion, but it is that of a ready obedience which man's homage pays to beauty, and grace, and virtue. Infidelity would have raised her to power—but it would have invested her also with its sternness, its severity, and its odium; for as female tyranny is the greatest, so is it the most disgusting.—Christianity was woman's best friend. Her grace and meekness comport with its benevolent character: the mild, and equitable, yet uncompromising, spirit of Christianity blended with woman's weakness, and raised her from the dust of oppression to the right hand of man's pre-eminence and glory. To do this she degrades not man, but she ele-



vates woman. She compromises nothing of man's dignity, but, conscious that knowledge is power, she throws open to woman the path of science—pours on her mind the light of an intellectual day—dissolves the fetters which enchained her ardent spirit—bids her go forth from the trammels of an ungenerous servility to revel in the luxury of mental freedom. Thus emancipated from the iron bondage by which she was once enchained and degraded, lovely woman is now fast advancing in her progress to that rank and station and influence in society, for which God designed her. She is man's companion as well as his mistress—She not only administers to the domestic comforts of his home, but she renders that home the scene of man's sweetest enjoyment; adorning it by her good sense, her cheerful smile, her elegant conversation, her unpretending manners. She is its life, its glory, and its grace. There was, it must be confessed, in the middle ages, a mysterious, undefined, yet powerful sway maintained by women over the actions, if not the hearts, of men. The days of chivalry, however, were not the days of woman's proudest triumph. Ambition, the glare of a false glory, vanity, were the passions which, as frequently as love, nerved the arm of chivalrous youth, or inflamed the breast of the romantic hero. Homage was, indeed, paid to the sex; but none to the virtues, of woman. She gave impulse to the passions, but she had not learnt to soothe the cares, of man. She sent him through Europe, as a knight-errant, in quest of glory, but she could not detain him at home. Now the magic of her influence operates even more powerfully; but the scene of that influence is changed: she delights not in the tournament and the chase; home is the theatre whereon she now displays her power; it is the scene of her proudest triumphs. She no longer delights, exclusively, in deeds of valour, apportioning her smiles to the achievements of muscular strength or scientific excellence. She can love man although he has never been the hero of the chase, nor broken a lance in the field. She looks to his heart, his humanity, and his virtues, and she reads in them the solid claims on her smile, and her affection,—that smile is man's best reward, and her affection the richest dowry—which he who obtains needs no better as his bride's portion.

We are really, as well as professionally, the advocates of woman. We, therefore, have willingly availed ourselves of the present opportunity to express our opinion, and to give a pledge of the sentiments which guide our pen; reserving to a future, though we trust not very distant, day, a more detailed statement of them. It is now time to say something of Mr. Barrett's Poem, of which, to tell the truth, we are less willing to speak than of its subject. Mr. Barrett has certainly formed a modest yet a correct estimate of its literary character, when he assures us that his own feelings in reference to its merit are those of "doubt and apprehension." We readily grant the truth of his apology, that the very "excellence of his subject is a disadvantage; as it naturally raises expectations in the

reader, which few pens could fulfil." To this plea, generally, we are not disposed to demur; yet we readily think there is a certain portion of originality, talent, and genius, which cannot be dispensed with in any author. Whether Mr. Barrett falls short of our standard, we will not determine. His theme is his apology and his protection.

The Poem, in its present state, is a new version of a former one, under the same title; but so altered, "that the work, as it now stands, may fairly be considered original." It is divided into three parts: in the first, the author describes women as excelling the other sex in devotion, chastity, modesty, charity, good faith, forgiveness, and parental affection. In the second book, he describes those graces and attractions peculiar to woman, as gentleness of tone, look, and deportment, grace, urbanity, conversational powers, and beauty. The third is devoted to a delineation of the power, and symptoms of love; and its influence in correcting the morals, and refining the minds of men: concluding with the character of a good wife. These subjects are versified; no where manifesting much poetic talents, never rising into excellence, and seldom beyond mediocrity; and displaying but little beauty of imagery, or energy of language. It creeps on, like the stream which bounds our garden, slowly, yet clearly: its surface is never agitated by the rude storm; and hence its waters, if they want the grandeur of the mountain cataract, are still never rendered turbid or offensive. This is the utmost praise we can bestow on the volume before us—it never enchants us by the fervour, the boldness, the fire of its poetry—but, on the other hand, it never disgusts us by vulgarity or puerility. The subject is all attractive; and its plan comprehensive and ingenious; and that our readers may judge for themselves, we have taken an extract from the volume, to entwine with other nosegays in our Apollonian Wreath.

#### EDUCATION.

THE GATE OF THE FRENCH, ITALIAN, AND SPANISH, UNLOCKED, by a New Method of acquiring the Accidence; with Biographical Notices of Persons eminent for their Knowledge of Languages. 1826. 12mo.—This professedly new method is nothing more than a collateral arrangement of the languages mentioned in the title. The biographical illustrations are interesting, and some of them novel.

PRACTICAL DOMESTIC ECONOMY; with Estimates of Household Expenses. London, Colburn, 1826.

This volume is one practically useful. It contains no simply ingenious theories, the offspring of speculative minds; but is fraught with lessons of sound wisdom, and useful knowledge.—He who reads it for amusement, cannot be disappointed; and he who studies it with a view to its practical influence on his own domestic arrangements, cannot, we conceive, rise from its perusal, without the rational anticipation for his family, of increased enjoyments, with lessened expences.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**RESCUED FRAGMENTS OF CABIN MEMORANDUMS, 1826-12mo.**—These pages appear to consist of real fragments of a memorandum-book kept by an Officer of Marines, while on service in South America. Some information worthy of notice is afforded; but the "fragments" were not worth publishing in their present state. Half the volume nearly is verse; and we need not say it is not the better half.

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Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

**Metropolitan University.**—The much-talked-of project of erecting an university in the neighbourhood of Russel square, is at length likely to be carried into execution. Prospectuses have been published, with plans of the courses of lectures proposed to be given.

**Captain Kotzebue**, son of the celebrated dramatist, arrived recently at Copenhagen, on his return from a voyage round the world.

**Aerostation.**—Mr. Green has made repeated ascents in his balloon by night, and descended in safety. This gentleman professes to have discovered a method of regulating the direction of the balloon, in his travels through the air.

**Madame Pasta** lately left London for Naples; where she has been engaged, for five months, to sing at the Theatre San Carlos.

**Mr. John Taylor**, known in the literary world as the author of "*Monsieur Tonson*," and of a multitude of Prologues, and Epilogues, is about to publish by subscription a volume of Poems.

A volume intitled "*The National Reader, or School Class-book*," is about to be published.

**Life of Buonaparte.** Sir Walter Scott's biographical work relative to the former sovereign of France, is said to be almost ready for publication. It will be comprised in six volumes, the last four of which particularly relate to the subject of the work; the two former being preliminary.

**Lindley Murray.**—"Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley Murray," in Letters written by himself, are announced as nearly ready to be published.

**Highbury College.**—On Sept. 1st, will be published, a picturesque and highly-finished Engraving, representing the North-West Front of the newly erected College at Highbury.

Messrs. Longman and Co. will shortly publish *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Anne*. By a Lady. Also *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany* by the Author of "*Recollections of the Peninsula*," "*Sketches of India*," "*Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy*," and "*Story of a Life*."



THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1826.

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WALKING DRESS.

A DRESS of celestial blue *gros de Naples*: the skirt is trimmed with satin pipings down the front and round the bottom, and finished with bows of the same material as the dress: the body is high, with a cape, ornamented to correspond with the skirt: the sleeves are long and full, confined at the wrist by a row of antique points, and closed with gold bracelets. A ruff of lace, or clear muslin. A hat of white *gros de Naples*, ornamented with flowers and yellow-striped satin riband, shaded with blue. Limerick gloves, and white satin shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of white muslin over a white satin slip, elegantly trimmed with three broad flounces, edged with point lace, and interspersed with rich needle-work: the body is low and full in the back, and closed in with a broad band or sash. Full sleeves, with straps of satin confined in the middle; and white *barège* scarf, ornamented with a rich deep fringe at the ends. A figured gauze handkerchief, thrown carelessly round the neck.—White kid gloves, and satin shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.—The most approved head-dress for the present period consists in arranging the long hair in two or three very large bows, leaving sufficient space between for the introduction of flowers; of which the Calypso garland continues the decided favourite.—The front hair in large curls, but much higher and more off the face, which produces a much cooler appearance during the extreme heat of the weather, with a greater certainty of retaining the curl.

For these elegant dresses we are indebted to the taste of MISS PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and for the head-dress to MR. COLLEY, Bishopsgate within.



*Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses for September 1826*  
*Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square*

*Pub. Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> 1826, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street*

THE LANCET

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GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

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THE newest promenade dresses, since our last report, consist of pea-green or corn-flower blue *gros de Naples*, trimmed with two rows of double flounces, pointed and bound with narrow *rouleau* trimming; each flounce headed by the same. The body is made *en gerbe*, with a double falling tucker of blond over the bust: short sleeves of *gros de Naples*, over which are long sleeves of white *crêpe-lisse*, or tulle. With these elegant dresses are worn crape hats of the same colour as the dress, ornamented with ribands to correspond, and a full plume of white marabout feathers: very broad blond, of a rich pattern, is placed at the edge of the brim, forming a curtain-veil, turned up in front; a cornette-quilling down the strings, as far as the chin, where they are confined by a bow of pea-green or blue riband. In carriage airings, a cachemire scarf-shawl is thrown over it with a rich border of broad palm-leaves in various colours, terminated by a handsome fringe.

Among the newest hats and bonnets is a carriage bonnet of French white *gros de Naples*: a broad white blond net is quilled very full at the edge, and the bonnet is trimmed with satin riband, *gros de Naples*, and blond, and ornamented on the left side with a bouquet of double purple evening-primrose; beneath the brim on the right side is another cluster of these beautiful flowers.—Bonnets of blue, pea-green, or lavender-coloured satin are very much admired; they have a broad white blond at the edge of the brim, and are ornamented with white marabout feathers, and half-opening roses, with scroll of pink satin, edged with blond. A yellow crape transparent bonnet, over stiffened net, is also very appropriate for the season: it is trimmed with crape and satin of the same colour, bound with Parma-violet-coloured satin, and edged with blond; the strings flow in a loop of lilac riband. Leghorn bonnets or hats, very simply ornamented with ribands and a few flowers, are much in favour for walking costume. In the country, nothing is more elegant for the promenade than a white capote bonnet of *gros de Naples*; the *ruches* at the edge are broad, and handsomely pinked.

Next in favour to white, are high dresses of *gros de Naples*, trimmed with flounces in the form of vine-leaves: the corsages are elegantly fluted across the bust, and the fulness confined downwards by narrow straps: the sleeves are long, and

finished at the wrists by antique points: with a pelerine or barège scarf, these dresses require no other addition in out-door costume. Other dresses of the same material, are made quite high, and serve all the purposes of a pelisse. They are finished down the front in straps across, and have a single *rouleau* over the hem next the feet. Under these dresses is worn a new and beautiful kind of fichu, of fine tulle, with a French collar standing up, trimmed with quillings of tulle. No kind of addition is requisite with this dress for the promenade, except sometimes a silk handkerchief, or barège scarf, carelessly thrown over the dress. For the sea-side, dresses of white India muslin, are the prevailing fashion. They are trimmed with four flounces of the same material, in pointed scallops, falling over each other, and finished by a pearl edge of lace round the points: surmounting the upper flounce, is a row of embroidery in sprigs of foliage, worked on the dress: the body is made *en gerbe*, partially high, with a double pelerine cape, pointed and edged to correspond with the flounces, and fastened in front with a bow of coloured riband: the sleeves are long, *en gigot*, and finished at the wrists by antique points of lace. With these dresses are worn large Leghorn bonnets, with a fan ornament of coloured silk under the brim on the right side, and a small bow behind the right ear; the crown of the hat is ornamented with rich shaded riband, and a handsome bouquet of white roses in front.

Dress hats of white crape over stiffened net are much in favour for evening parties: they are ornamented with scrolls of gauze and white satin, with small bows of French white riband, and a delicate plume of white marabouts: a small double jonquil, with a rose and its bud, are placed at the edge of the brim, on the left side: the strings are long, and of white satin. An elegant home corrette is composed of blond of a beautiful pattern; it is trimmed with bows of broad pink gauze riband, and long lappet-strings of the same material. Turbans for half-dress are much admired; they are of coloured crape, particularly jonquil. Caps, as usual, hold a distinguished place; one, of the lappet-kind, is very elegant, being composed of tulle and blond, the trimmings and lappets bound with Parma-violet satin; it is ornamented with the various species of the convolvulus, mingled with the iris, without its foliage.

The most fashionable colours are, pea-green, corn-flower-blue, jonquil, and lavender.

## THE PARISIAN TOILET.

Paris, August 15, 1846.

At the Opera, last Monday, we were particularly pleased with a dress of blue *organdy*, trimmed with two flounces, figured *à dents de loup*. These *dents* were ornamented with small puckered *tulle*. The top of the flounce was formed by the same *dents*, which, being placed very close to each other, by means of the puckering, presented a charming *ruche*. Around the bust was a similar trimming, and three rows of *dents*, ornamenting, progressively, the lower part of the arm. With this elegant dress was worn a scarf of Chinese-white crape, and a hat of rice straw, ornamented with seven or eight small white plumes, placed *à l'Inca*, completed this generally-admired toilet.

The number of shaded and plaid scarfs diminishes daily; and in return, those of embroidered *tulle*, Indian muslin, or Chinese crape, are evidently on the increase. We perceive, also, many long shawls of *barège*; the best are white, and the ends of the border are composed of several coloured stripes. We lately noticed, in a brilliant assembly, one of these shawls of white *barège* cachemire, having the stripes beautifully interwoven with gold.

In order to vary the form of sleeves *en gigot*, they are crossed by different kinds of trimming: sometimes a *ruche* of *tulle*, or two small trimmings of lace, separated by a row of buttons; or, again, *pattes* crossing each other, as if they formed the opening of the sleeve; in short, a thousand different accessories are employed to beguile the uniformity of a mode which seems to have become unchangeable. Half-high dresses are cut in a sloping direction, and square on the bust and on the back. The tops of the *corsage*, when they are uncovered, is always trimmed with small lace, which renders it much more advantageous for the *canezous*, as they are deficient in gracefulness, when worn on a dress reaching too high over the shoulders. White sleeves are still the rage; but it is easy to perceive that *fichus* and *pele-rines*, detached, prevail over the number of *canezous*, which are now evidently on the decline.

The following are the newest and most approved costumes for the month:

Morning dress of plaited *organdy*, trimmed round the border



with a scalloped trimming. Cuffs and epaulettes to correspond. The body is high, plaited across the shoulder, and tight to the bust, confined in the centre with a bow of plaid riband. Hat of white gauze, ornamented with plaid ribands, and a rich veil of Valenciennes lace.

A walking-dress of lemon-coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed with three full flounces of the same material; the middle flounce of white. A pelerine of white muslin, with very long ends, nearly reaching the top flounce; it is beautifully embroidered all round, with a double cape falling over, and confined with a broad sarsnet riband. Sash of plaid sarsnet. Capote bonnet of *gros de Naples*, ornamented with *tulle*.

Dinner dress of violet-coloured organdy, trimmed with two double-waved flounces, surmounted with a rich embroidered border. The body is low, and ornamented with a trimming to correspond. Short, full sleeves, finished with a bow of broad sarsnet riband on the top of the shoulder; and sash of the same. Head-dress—The hair tastefully arranged with bows of riband.

Evening-dress of India muslin, trimmed with a deep scalloped flouncing. The body is low, and finished with a trimming to correspond with the dress: long full sleeves, confined at the wrist with gold bracelets. With this elegant dress is worn a hat of rice straw, ornamented with plumes of feathers, intermixed with blue and lemon-coloured *gros de Naples*.

At the late ball at Renelagh, the greater number of the young ladies were attired very beautifully, yet simply: the generality of costumes consist of dresses of organdy, trimmed at the border with four or five large tucks; the *ceintures* were fastened behind, the ends of which did not exceed one third of the length. The head-dresses were generally composed of hair; some were adorned with flowers, or knots of riband, but the generality were without any ornament. Nevertheless, some very elegant ball-dresses were distinguished in the midst of this rural simplicity. One young lady wore a dress of rose-coloured crape, ornamented at the border with a large puffing of crape, crossed with satin. Another dress, of rose-coloured crape, was trimmed with three rows of gauze shell-work, which re-ascended up the side, and were fastened by three bouquets of rose and white jessamine; the same flowers were intermixed in the head-dress. We observed some other dresses of stiffened crape, ornamented with bird of paradise feathers; and also dresses of blue linen gauze,

the freshness and elegance of which were worthy of figuring at a brilliant winter's ball. We shall confine ourselves to the description of one toilet more—that of Mademoiselle N —, the daughter of one of our most celebrated composers, whose charming figure and genuine gracefulness of manner, were so much in harmony with the beautiful dress which she adopted for the occasion. It consisted of a robe of white stiffened crape, ornamented with six *rouleaux* of white satin, raised on the side, and terminated by knots of white satin raband: a *ceinture* of the same material, fastened behind. Her head-dress consisted of a garland of those small blue flowers to which so many different denominations have been given—the *Forget me Not*.

We particularly admired three young ladies dressed in black, whose head-dresses were arranged *à la Sévigné*; their beautiful auburn hair, falling in graceful curls over their neck, was parted in the middle of the forehead, again covering the temples and a part of the face. It is much to be wished that young ladies would adopt this kind of head-dress, which becomes them much more than the piles of knots which are often overloaded with flowers and ribands; young ladies, from fifteen to twenty years of age, have no occasion to have recourse to art. The skill of our *coiffeurs*, who understand so well the twisting and turning of the hair, may add, no doubt, to the charms of a lady, from twenty-five to thirty years of age; but why spoil that native simplicity of youth,—that expression of frankness diffused over the mild and fresh countenances of fifteen, by any foreign and superfluous ornament? Nature itself furnishes, at that delightful age, the finest of all embellishments.

The mixture of yellow and white is more than ever in favour: on white hats are seen nothing but yellow ribands, flowers, and feathers. Except hats of Leghorn or rice straw, the shape of which is always round, all the hats of crape, gauze, or other material, have the form of *capotes*; they are, for the most part, of a square form and open. The newest *capotes* which we have seen are of raw cote-pali; the edge is bordered under by a large plaid bias; the knots and loops are also of plaid riband: above the head is placed a large bias of the same material as the hat. Ribands alone possess the charm of variety; we see them of all kinds of squares and shades. Plaid ribands are even worn on hats of rice straw; white plumes placed on these hats, render them fit for full dress.

THE  
**APOLLONIAN WREATH.**

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FROM BARRETT'S "WOMAN."

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THESE are the blessings woman best maintains;  
By these, dominion unsurped she gains.  
Hence to maternal home is virtue given;  
Hence earth with wafted angels peoples heaven.  
Thus England triumphs. Empires are secure,  
While men continue free and women pure.

Oh, give me, heaven, to sweeten latter life,  
And mend my wayward heart, a tender wife!  
Who soothes me, though herself with anguish wrung,  
Nor renders ill for ill, nor tongue for tongue.  
Sways by persuading, kisses off my frown,  
And reigns, unarmed a queen without a crown.  
Alike, to please me, her accomplished hand  
The harp and homely needle can command;  
And learning with such grace her tongue supplies,  
Her very maxims wear a gay disguise.  
Neat for my presence, as if princes came;  
And modest, even to me, with bridal shame;  
A friend, or playmate, as my wishes call,  
A ready nurse, though summoned from a ball.  
She holds in age that conquest youth achieved,  
Loves without pomp, and pleases unperceived.  
Such be my lot. Then, boisterous ocean past,  
My bark shall enter gliding streams at last;  
Then, as a village tinged with evening gold,  
And calm with sheltered spire and smoke uprolled,  
Repose to some lost traveller commends,  
As down the drizzling mountain slow he wends,—  
So tranquil wedlock shall withdraw my mind  
From all the toiling cares of worn mankind.



And O! when death dissolves that holy chain,  
When love forsakes my heart and verse my brain;  
When, haply, not unpleased, how nymphs I sing,  
Fair fingers strew my turf with early spring;  
May the dear solace of my mortal love,  
Rejoin me in the starry bowers above.  
There, where deserving wives, who sorrow here,  
No more shall tremble at the spouse austere.  
There, where the pairs whom fate asunder tore,  
Shall mix ambrosial breaths, and part no more;  
Youths, whom the sires of tender virgins scorn,  
And maids who die before the nuptial morn:  
O'er the grave of some true-lover, shed  
The tear that else had graced his bridal bed.

## VALEDICTORY STANZAS,

WRITTEN AT SEA.

FAREWELL! fair strangers, you have given  
Balm which would almost heal my woe,  
If all my hopes were not in heaven,  
And I might think of peace below!

Alas! trained up in early sorrows,  
For years I've known no joy nor bliss—  
I may not look for mirthful morrows—  
NEGLECT hath stung too deep for this!

And now, upon the western billow,  
Urged by my soul's despair to roam,  
I reckon not where I make my pillow,  
So it be far away from home!

But this one, isolated pleasure  
I feel so fresh within my soul,  
Its soothing thoughts will be a treasure,  
Which even death may not control!

Farewell! and may a wanderer's blessing  
For ever rest on you and yours!  
And oh! when earthly pleasures lessen  
Inherit bliss which aye endures!

VALENTIA.

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO A RIVER, BY A LOVER.

*Translated from the Italian by a British Nobleman.*

Rio felice che declini  
 A irrigar la valle aprica  
 Dove sta la mia nemica  
 Consigliandosi cont te, &c. &c.

RIVER that downward rollest thy glad waves,  
 To bathe the sunny valley, where my love,  
 The haughty beauty, who my heart enslaves,  
 Among thy shores delights to muse and rove;  
 Take thou my tears, the tears which here I shed  
 Upon thy brink, and bear them down thy stream;  
 And where her fairy feet are wont to tread,  
 Kiss thou that shore, ah! kiss her feet with them.  
 Would thou couldst on thy crystal water bear  
 This image of myself as well! impart  
 My sighs, and even murmur my despair,  
 To wake the flame of pity in her heart!  
 Yet if thy glassy mirror could retain,  
 And bear this fading image to her view,  
 Her scorn would kindle at the sight again,  
 Scorn, that would vex thy placid waves anew.  
 Yet roll on, gentle river, still roll on,  
 And let my sorrows be a theme for thee;  
 With thy sweet murmurs, echo thou my song,  
 Mourn, gentle river, and remember me.  
 Oh! tell her, in thy passage, that her heart  
 Might still be moved by passion such as mine;  
 A passion, deep and constant as thou art,  
 And pure as each transparent wave of thine.  
 Thy tribute is to the ocean, mine to her;  
 But, if enamoured of herself alone,  
 She scorns to lend thy gentle voice an ear,  
 And seeks in thee no image but her own;  
 Then bid the haughty beauty still gaze on  
 Thy rapid stream, and thence her fate discern;  
 Her charms are on the wing, her lover gone,  
 Like thy waves, never, never to return.

## SONNET:

THE SUBALTERN'S HILL PICQUET AT PROME.

OH! for one drop of pure Parnassian dew,  
That I might dip therein my artless pen,  
To paint in radiant colours, bright, yet true,  
The scenes of beauty round me!—Hill and glen,  
And conic steep,—and, bright with morning's tears,  
A thousand graceful shrubs,—and there appears,  
Winding below, that noble stream, which loves  
To loiter near this paradise;—and down  
Stretched at my feet engraved, the populous town;—  
And all around me, woods and gilded fanes,  
Held sacred erst, round which now slowly moves  
The martial guard.—I love to wander here,  
And glean from the surrounding view, linked trains  
Of pensive thoughts that prompt the tender tear.

*Prome, Birman Empire,*  
Nov. 1825.

R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

## STANZAS ON RECOLLECTION.

DAYS have passed till weeks they've numbered,  
Months have rolled till formed to years;  
Yet the thoughts have never slumbered,  
Hallow'd by fond Mem'ry's tears.

Joys long loved—and long departed,  
Cherished till they seemed again  
Fresh in all their bloom imparted,  
To enwreath young Fancy's chain.

Blissful hours we oft live over,  
By regretted Thought restored;  
Then in sorrow we discover,  
They were waked by Memory's chord.



Joys embalmed in Recollection,  
 When with present woes compared;  
 Cling, with Sorrow's mild affection,  
 To the scenes which once it shared.

Though a fairer hand enwreathing,  
 Gayer flowers to charm the eye;  
 Still we love the fragrance-breathing  
 Roses of our infancy.

Brighter forms may charm our senses,  
 As through latter life we rove;  
 But there's not a lip dispenses  
 Smiles like those first taught us Love.

*Cavan Hall.*

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#### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received duly the Tales and Essay, from Harrow—Of the latter, we are unable, as yet, to form a judgment.

Poetry, by the author of "the Baronet," is received; and will be inserted.

The anecdote and poetry, dated from "Cavan Hall" are designed for insertion.

"Poor Rosa" by P. W. L. is under consideration.

Various Poetry by Mr. Lacy, will appear in due course.

"The Tie severed"—and several other Poetical contributions, are received.

We suppress, from feelings of consideration and pity, the signature to the Verses headed "Desire"—but as a warning to the multitude of boys and girls who neglect their spelling books, that they may scribble nonsense, under the name of Poetry, we think it right to say, that even a slight knowledge of Mavor's first book for children, would have preserved the writer from such gross ignorance of the orthography of his own language, as is exhibited in these few lines.

We beg to draw the particular attention of our Correspondents to the following resolution—that no Essay, Tale, or other Contribution, will, in any case, be accepted for insertion, of which the complete copy is not forwarded to the Editor, previous to its acceptance—much serious inconvenience to the printer, and injury to the interests of the Museum, having been occasioned by a contrary practice.

In answer to various enquiries, we beg to state, that no objection will arise to any Essay which may be forwarded as a candidate for the Prize, on account of its length; our stipulation had reference only to the brevity, and not the extent, of the Essay.

We have to apologize to our readers generally, and to the writer in particular, for the accidental omission in our last number, of the concluding part of "Fashion, or no Fashion."

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Painted by Goussard.

Engraved by J. P. Bouché.

Marchioness de Sevigné.

Printed in 1780, by T. A. L. Bouché, Thénardière, Paris.